The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 45 NO. 6 Lesson Previews JUNE 1958

As I Pass By

Margery S. Stewart

Let a hundred roses lift
Their velvet richness to my eyes,
But if my heart and mind are closed
I will go blindly past the gift.
Though a symphony is played
So rapturously that men are swept
Beyond the bounds of space and time,
But my own spirit, cold, unswayed
Refuses to unfold its wings,
I have not heard, though ears go deaf
With cymbal clash and viol cry.

Though the greatest love earth knows
Pours down in splendor from his house,
And I, all loveless as a sieve,
Can keep no droplet as it flows,
How can it bless me or my ways?
Oh, let me always be aware,
My mind an ever open door,
My heart safe harbor for his rays.
Then nothing fair in flower or clef
Shall be withheld as I pass by.

The Cover: A View in Rothenburg, West Germany
Courtesy Luttgens, Rothenburg
Photograph submitted by Bernice O. Dyer

Frontispiece: The Hoover Rose
Photograph by Ward Linton

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much. Many of the covers are especially lovely. I save them all, and have read the stories and articles and poems many times. In this way I feel that I know many of the contributors.

—Elsie McKinnon Strachan
Santa Ana, California

My mother was delighted when I read to her an item from the April issue of the *Magazine* in the Sixty Years Ago department concerning a San Juan Stake Relief Society Conference at Bluff. President Martha Hammond, wife of President Francis A. Hammond, was my foster grandmother. Then President Elnora (Nora) Hammond, as reporting the Mancos, Colorado, Relief Society is my mother, who will soon be ninety-five years old. She presided over the Mancos organization for twelve years, riding side saddle to the meetings. Mother is still alert in her mind and it is a joy to converse with her.

—Mrs. Jess Lindsay
Moreland, Idaho

May I tell you I especially enjoy the recipes and homemaking suggestions in the *Magazine*. Since coming to New Zealand (my husband is here to help get the college started), one of the biggest changes has been in our food habits. . . . Sister Vernice Rosenval . . . is here on the Church college project, and she has helped all of us by compiling a recipe book for this area. A good number of the recipes she demonstrated and put in the booklet were taken from *The Relief Society Magazine*, with all credit due each one noted at the bottom of the page.

—Mrs. Collins E. Jones
Frankton Junction
New Zealand

I do appreciate our wonderful *Magazine*, as we are seventy miles round trip away from our chapel, and Sunday is about the only day we are able to make the trip, so I am able to attend very little Relief Society. I look forward each month to the time the *Magazine* arrives.

—Mrs. LaRue Wilde
McPherson, Kansas

I feel today that I would be quite ungrateful if I did not write and tell you how much I glean from our *Magazine*. I was about to write "little" *Magazine*, but it is small only in size, for it seems to cover the universe. What started this was Sister Frances Yost's story in the April issue, "The Heart of the Home. . . ." We have four children and are expecting a fifth, and I surely admit to being the kind of mother who shoos her children away while she works. I know that this is wrong . . . so I read from the writings of our Church, and I pray and then the stories from *The Relief Society Magazine*, the editorials, the words of wisdom, bring me back to the right way.

—Mrs. Patricia Mullett
Escondido, California

I cannot tell you how much the *Magazine* means to me, especially during the past year, since we were transferred to this isolated outpost of Big Bend National Park (twenty-seven miles to my nearest neighbor, seventy-five miles to a grocery store, and 150 miles to Monahans, Texas, our closest branch of the Church). The story "Strength for the Way," by Sylvia Probst Young, in the January 1957 issue of the *Magazine* has been a great help to me. Now, whenever I need "strength for the way," I pick up a *Relief Society Magazine* and can always find something of spiritual value to help me face another day.

—Mrs. Norma S. Bryce
Big Bend National Park, Texas

On behalf of all New Zealand Relief Society sisters, may I tell you how much we enjoy belonging to the wonderful organization. Although we do not know you members personally, we are very much aware of our sisterhood through the pages of the *Magazine*, and the photographs and inspiring articles contained in its pages.

For though the miles divide us here,
And seas keep us apart,
We walk with you in fellowship
And keep you in our heart.

—Thelma E. Goebel
Auckland, New Zealand

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Father's True Place in the Home

Elder Bruce R. McConkie ....

Of the First Council of Seventy

WE Mormons are a unique and a peculiar people, and our chief peculiarities center around the family unit and the relationships which the family members bear towards each other.

This article on the *Father's True Place in the Home* is written to the women of the Church for two reasons: 1. So wives and mothers in Israel may be reminded of their own high and proper position in the eternal family "partnership"; and 2. So they may "provoke the brethren to good works" within the true and correct meaning of this familiar expression.

When I think of the father's true place in the home, I think of my own father, Oscar W. McConkie, who stands as the ideal parent to his own family. By precept and example he has manifest what to me is the perfect pattern for Latter-day Saint living, and such suggestions as I shall make on this subject are but repetitions of his teachings or a recording of his example to me and his other children.

Now for us in the Lord's latter-day kingdom there is an entirely different view as to the home, the family, the relationship of husbands to wives, and of parents to children, than prevails anywhere else in the world.

We have an eternal perspective of life and its relationships. We know, for instance, that we spent an infinitely long period of time in the pre-existent eternities preparing for the privilege of coming to this earth, of gaining bodies of flesh and bones, and of making the family arrangements that would enable us to progress to a state of exaltation and godhood in which we would be like our Eternal Father.

We know that our chief goal as members of the Church is to create for ourselves an eternal family unit, one that will endure in time and eternity, one that will make us husband and wife, mother and daughter, and father and son both here and hereafter. The very exaltation which we seek consists in the continuation of the family unit in eternity. If the family unit continues in eternity, its members have exaltation and gain the fulness of the Father's kingdom; if the family unit does not continue, its members fall short of the highest heaven and receive instead a lesser degree of salvation in a lower sphere.

It follows that while in this life we are laying the foundations for an eternal family, one that is patterned after the Lord's eternal family rather than after the lesser and sometimes carnal order that prevails among men. We are here gaining experience and learning the principles of family organization and operation that will continue on and be perfected in eternity.

Accordingly, every true Latter-day Saint home has its beginning with a celestial marriage, one in which the covenanting parties are promised the highest blessings which man

can obtain, provided they keep all of the laws and requirements of the holy order of matrimony which they thus enter.

Adam and Eve were so married, and to them the command came to multiply and fill the earth with posterity. And as to their relationship in this mortal sphere, the Lord said, speaking to Eve: "*Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee*" (Genesis 3:16).

Thus the pattern was set for the most perfect and important organization on earth, the family unit. And thus the divine system was inaugurated under which the husband is the head of the house, with the rights of decision and presidency resting in him. Manifestly, as President Joseph F. Smith has expressed it, "It is intended that that rule shall be in love and not in tyranny" (*Gospel Doctrine*, 5th Edition, page 274), but nonetheless the husband is the head, and the wife is obligated by the gospel law to abide by his counsel in righteousness.

If a man cannot preside and rule in his own home, thus having opportunity to prepare for rule and presidency in a celestial sphere, how can he ever stand as a king and a priest in eternity? And if a woman cannot submit herself in meekness and love to sustaining and upholding the hands of her earthly leader, how can she develop those attributes without which exaltation cannot exist?

EVERY true Latter-day Saint father is a natural patriarch to his family. Having been married in the temple, and having thereby made himself an heir of all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he presides in the true patriarchal order. Since he is destined to rule and reign forever with others of the chosen seed of Israel, it follows that both spiritual and temporal affairs should be centered in him here and now.

As Jacob blessed his offspring anciently, so may fathers in modern times bless their children. Indeed, patriarchal blessings themselves, properly and rightly, may come from those fathers who themselves hold the Priesthood and enjoy the blessings of the patriarchs of old. President John Taylor said:

> Every father, after he has received his patriarchal blessing, is a patriarch to his own family, and has the right to confer patriarchal blessings upon his family; which blessings will be just as legal as those conferred by any patriarch of the Church: in fact it is his right; and a patriarch in blessing his children, can only bless as his mouthpiece (*Gospel Kingdom*, page 146; Joseph Fielding Smith, *Doctrines of Salvation*, Volume 3, page 172).

Fathers should provide not only temporal support, but spiritual comfort and blessings for their families. In the spiritual field, this principle has been summarized by the General Priesthood Committee in these words:

> *The power of the priesthood should be used in the home to bless the family.* When children are ill, the father should administer to them, and the family should unite in prayer and faith for their recovery. Bishops and others who have power to designate who shall perform baptisms, ordinations, and priesthood ordinances should arrange it so that worthy fathers baptize, confirm, ordain, and bless their own children. *The father should be the patriarch of his family* (*The Improvement Era*, April 1958, page 251).

President Joseph F. Smith spoke similarly:

The father, if he is worthy of his Priesthood, has certain rights and authority within his family, comparable to those of the bishop with relation to the ward. Too often amongst us the head of the family, though he holds the higher priesthood, fails to magnify his calling as the spiritual head of his household. *It would be better if every elder who is a father rose to the dignity of his position, and officiated in his holy office within his family organization.* He may call to his aid any others who are worthy holders of the requisite authority in the Priesthood, but it is his privilege to stand as the head of his household, and to perform the ordinances pertaining to his family (*Gospel Doctrine*, 5th Edition, page 291).

EVERY Latter-day Saint home should be a temple of learning, with every member of the family receiving training in gospel scholarship. Fathers should be the chief instructors; whenever members of the family are together, gospel truths may properly become the center of conversation. Teaching by precept as well as example is a seven day a week matter.

After calling the attention of ancient Israel to the basic doctrines of salvation, Moses said:

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up (Deut. 6:6-7).

Are we any less in need of continual gospel teaching in the home than they were anciently? (See D & C 68:25-31.)

Obviously parents must not only teach but live the Lord's laws. If they keep the Word of Wisdom, pay an honest tithing, attend sacrament meeting regularly, honor the Sabbath, have family prayer twice daily, offer a blessing on the food at each meal, avoid speaking evilly of neighbors and Church officers, are honest in their business dealings, are modest in dress and manner, and manifest love, kindness, and affection towards each other and the children, then the very home environment itself will teach the standards of personal righteousness which are part of the gospel of salvation.

President Joseph F. Smith said:

A man and woman who have embraced the gospel of Jesus Christ and who have begun life together, should be able by their power, example and influence to cause their children to emulate them in lives of virtue, honor, and in integrity to the kingdom of God which will redound to their own interest and salvation. *No one can advise my children with greater earnestness and solicitude for their happiness and salvation than I can myself.* Nobody has more interest in the welfare of my own children than I have. I cannot be satisfied without them. They are part of me. They are mine; God has given them to me, and I want them to be humble and submissive to the requirements of the gospel. I want them to do right, and to be right in every particular, so that they will be worthy of the distinction that the Lord has given them in being numbered among his covenant people who are choice above all other people, because they have made sacrifice for their own salvation in the truth (*Gospel Doctrine*, 5th Edition, page 278).

Every father and mother in Israel can achieve true greatness in and through their family and the proper conduct of their home affairs. It is not prominence in Church, civic, social, business, or educational fields that is of paramount importance.

After all, to do well those things which God ordained to be the common lot of all mankind, is the truest greatness. To be a successful father or a successful mother is greater than to be a successful general or a successful statesman. One is universal and eternal greatness, the other is ephemeral (Gospel Doctrine, 5th Edition, page 285).

Latter-day Saint fathers and mothers are in training for eternal parenthood. The family problems and experiences of this life are schooling them for the eternities ahead, when in far greater measure than is now the case, the family—with both exalted parents at its head—shall be the center of all things. And true Latter-day Saint fathers and mothers pass the test by making their families conform to the perfect gospel-family-pattern.

The Prophet Joseph Smith's Tribute to His Father

SACRED to me are the thoughts which I cherish of the history of his life, that have rolled through my mind, and have been implanted there by my own observation, since I was born. Sacred to me is his dust, and the spot where he is laid. Sacred to me is the tomb I have made to encircle o'er his head. Let the memory of my father eternally live. Let his soul, or the spirit, my follies forgive. With him may I reign one day in the mansions above, and tune up the lyre of anthems. . . . May the God that I love look down from above and save me from my enemies here, and take me by the hand that on Mount Zion I may stand, and with my father crown me eternally there (D. H. C. V, page 126).

Wheat Grower's Children

Iris W. Schow

How jolly was the bobsled ride
Before an early winter night,
When father went to see his land,
And all the farm was white.

What fun to carry cake to him
And trace his plow's long, rounded track,
While father paused and viewed his farm,
And all the land was black.

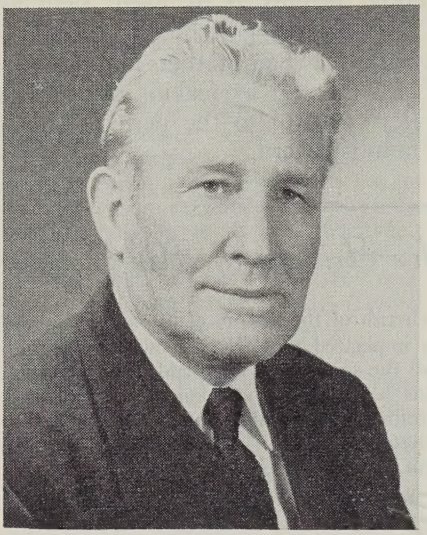
How sweet it was to walk with him
Where fence and wild rose marched between
The farm and hill, and love his land,
When all the farm was green.

How safe it was to wait at home
While father worked long hours each fall,
When heaven had turned his land to gold
Which he must garner for us all.

Hugh B. Brown—New Apostle

Elder Harold B. Lee

Of the Council of the Twelve



ELDER HUGH B. BROWN

WHEN the name of Elder Hugh B. Brown was presented at the closing session of the 128th Annual Conference of the Church to fill the vacancy in the Council of the Twelve Apostles, an audible murmur of approval came back from the vast audience assembled within the great Tabernacle on Temple Square. Seldom has there been a man whose vast service in the Church has affected the lives of so many for good, and the saints with one heart seemed to echo their acceptance of this eloquent preacher of righteousness to the high place to which he had been called. The limited space of this writing will permit but a brief portrayal of some background of his life experiences with which this friend and inspirer of youth had seemingly been schooled in preparation for the holy apostleship which has now been conferred upon him.

Perhaps no lesson he ever taught, so aptly describes the pattern of his own life as the one he has entitled "The Gardener and the Currant Bush." I copy it verbatim as he has told it in the third person, although in other versions he, himself, was the gardener and speaks in the first person:

THE GARDENER AND THE CURRANT BUSH

In the early dawn, a young gardener was pruning his trees and shrubs. He had one choice currant bush which had gone too much to wood. He feared, therefore, that it would produce little, if any, fruit.

Accordingly, he trimmed and pruned the bush and cut it back. In fact, when he had finished, there was little left but stumps and roots.

Tenderly he considered what was left. It looked so sad and deeply hurt. On every stump there seemed to be a tear where the pruning knife had cut away the growth of early spring. The poor bush seemed to speak to him, and he thought he heard it say:

"Oh, how could you be so cruel to me; you who claim to be my friend, who planted me and cared for me when I was young, and nurtured and encouraged me to grow? Could you not see that I was rapidly responding to your care? I was nearly half as large as the trees across the fence, and might soon have become like one of them. But now you've cut my branches back; the green, attractive leaves are gone, and I am in disgrace among my fellows."

The young gardener looked at the weeping bush and heard its plea with sympathetic understanding. His voice was full of kindness as he said, "Do not cry; what I have done to you was necessary that you might be a prize currant bush in my garden. You were not intended to give shade or shelter by your branches. My purpose when I planted you was that you would bear fruit. When I want currants, a tree, regardless of its size, cannot supply the need.

"No, my little currant bush, if I had allowed you to continue to grow as you had started, all your strength would have gone to wood; your roots would not have gained a firm hold, and the purpose for which I brought you into my garden would have been defeated. Your place would have been taken by another, for you would have been barren. You must not weep; all this will be for your good; and some day, when you see more clearly, when you are richly laden with luscious fruit, you will thank me and say, 'Surely, he was a wise and loving gardener. He knew the purpose of my being, and I thank him now for what I then thought was cruelty.'"

ZINA YOUNG CARD BROWN
(Wife of Elder Hugh B. Brown)

NOW, with that story in mind, I would like to relate some incidents from the life of Hugh B. Brown which impress the meaning

HUGH C. BROWN
(Killed in 1942 while serving in the Royal Air Force)

DR. CHARLES MANLEY BROWN
Glendale, California

ZINA LYDIA BROWN
(Mrs. G. P. Brown)
Altadena, California

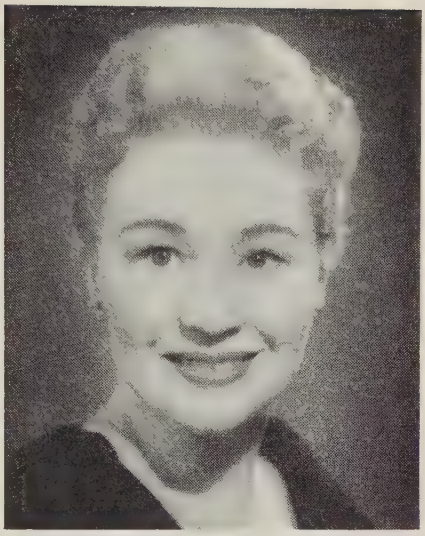
ZOLA GRACE BROWN HODSON
(Mrs. W. G. Hodson)
Downey, California

of that lesson as applied to himself.

After a schooling in preparation for the practice of law in the Canadian courts of Southern Alberta, he aspired to a military career in the Canadian Army. He earned the rank of major in the army before the first contingents of Canadian soldiers were being transported to France and England to enter the terrible conflict known as the First World War. He had been led to believe that upon arrival in England in command of one of these Canadian contingents, he would be promoted to a higher rank, possibly as Brigadier General, and placed at the head of troops going into combat across the English Channel. To his bitter disappointment, he was not promoted but was returned to Canada as a recruiting officer. He saw himself for the first time as the "currant bush" of his story being pruned back ruthlessly, as measured by human wisdom, by a Master Gardener for purposes yet to be revealed. Heavy Church responsibilities as the president of the newly organized Lethbridge Stake seemed as a necessary anchor to his

MRS. LAJUNE BROWN MUNK
Alhambra, California

MARGARET BROWN JORGENSON
(Mrs. Clinton L. Jorgenson)
Lakewood, California



MARY MYRTICE BROWN FIRMAGE
(Mrs. Edwin R. Firmage)
Provo, Utah

soul during this period of adjustment.

Following a season of legal practice in Canada, he came back to Utah, the home of his birth, with his wife, Zina Card, the daughter of a Canadian pioneer and the sweetheart of his youth, about whom, when she was but a girl of fourteen years of age, he had an instinctive impression that she was the girl he would one day marry. By now they were the proud parents of a splendid family of two sons and six daughters. What greater tribute could a man give to his companion than did he when he said of this wonderful loyal woman, as he accepted his call at the General Conference: "My beloved wife Zina Card Brown is more responsible for my being here than am I. . . . Zina believed in me when I did not believe in myself!"

CAROL RAE BROWN BUNKER
(Mrs. Douglas Bunker)
Cambridge, Massachusetts

His native talent as a leader and orator at once commended him to public service. The field of politics and other public service beckoned to him with chairmanships of

public agencies in which he was confronted with difficult problems. His friends immediately pressed him for consideration as a high public official. Again, so it seemed, the pruning of the Master Gardener was not to be denied. With the highest of public honors almost within his grasp, he again suffered defeat. He was apparently being reserved for a service, which the Master knew, we may assume, would bring forth more fruit. During this period his services as the president of the Granite Stake of Zion gave him a spiritual stability through this political turmoil because of the heavy demands made upon him as the stake president.

He later became aligned with great business enterprises where promising developments seemed to assure him of great riches had the prospect matured into reality. But again, it was as though the "Gardener" were saying to his *Currant Bush*, "No, my little currant bush, if I had allowed you to continue to grow as you had started, all your strength would have gone to wood; your roots would not have gained a firm hold, and the purpose for which I have brought you into my garden would have been defeated."

The bud of his most fruitful service by now seemed to be about ready to blossom. Another great World War was threatening. One hundred thousand Latter-day Saint boys being called into the service of their country needed a shepherd. All over this land, while he served as Military Co-ordinator for the Church servicemen under the appointment of the First Presidency, and in foreign lands while he served as president of the British Mission, he proved to be the man of the hour. The service he rendered as he traveled thousands of miles to military encampments to meet these homesick, forlorn boys of the Church he loved, can best be told by a handsome young serviceman in an army camp who, as he shook hands, said: "Brother Brown, if I could just shake your hand once each month, I could keep myself clean." Only a grateful God in heaven knows how many of our boys were encouraged to live to be true to themselves, to their Church, and to their God because of him.

PERHAPS this unswerving devotion to these sons of other fathers was induced by another crushing blow. His older son, Hugh C., having served as a missionary in Great Britain, and feeling a sense of obligation to the people of that nation who were then engaged in a death struggle for survival, volunteered as a pilot in the Royal Air Force in England. He was killed in an aerial mishap during a reconnoitering flight over the North Sea. To sound the depths of this sorrowing father's heart you would need to have heard him echo the lament of David over the death of his son Absalom as this father mourned likewise for his own son, Hugh: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absolam! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

But you must likewise, catch the strength of faith to be found in his "Salute to My Son:"

I put on my uniform—tunic and cap,
And salute you, oh, brave son of mine!
O'er the years, that must follow,
Faith bridges the gap;
Holy Father, not my will, but thine.

Standing again by him during this severe test of faith, as she had always done during each crisis, was his lovely Zina who said to her brave son as he marched off to war never to return: "Brave sons must have brave mothers, and I'll not fail you, my son." Nor did she fail her son nor his father as indicated in this brief quotation from her beautiful verse which she wrote when her son was lost:

Forgive the clouding doubt that
one instant hid thy face from mine.
With my face toward the light,
I shall walk by faith until my summons come.
Dear Father, through thy Son,
I pray and praise thy holy name.
And with full heart, made glad
by thy redeeming love,
I humbly say, "Thy will be done."

And so I might go on with other similar experiences, but it is hoped that in this brief writing, those who read will find in the life of this one man, whom the Church honors today as a leader, an example of the handiwork of the Master Gardener before whom he now acknowledges with humility in the language of his story:

"Surely God was a wise and loving gardener. He knew the purpose of my being, and I thank him now for what I then thought was cruelty."

Garden Rendezvous

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

One summer day, old fire of desert sun
Had fused the sky into a pale blue flame;
And latticed shade had spread a checker game
Which neither light nor shadow ever won.
While I picked blossoms lush begonias spun
And I had thought you miles away, you came
Tossing the love-tipped petals of my name—
The small surprise, your love trick spiked with fun.

But you went early through an unseen gate
To hidden gardens I can never share,
While I am held by life's thin silver tether.
Someday you will surprise me where I wait,
Your step as light as wind that combs my hair,
And we shall walk eternal fields together.

Gordon B. Hinckley— An Impression

Elder S. Dilworth Young

Of the First Council of the Seventy

GORDON B. Hinckley acts as executive secretary for the Church missionary work under direction of the First Presidency. Daily he carries out their policies. You sit in his office for a moment to transact an item of missionary business for the Church. In the middle of the conversation the telephone rings.

"You say he has developed jaundice, and the doctors say it is serious? Put him in the best hospital you can find and be sure he has the best of care." He turns toward you with a smile. "New mission presidents are not always sure just what decisions to make," he says simply. You nod with understanding, for in your time you would have liked to have had someone to whom you could appeal for quick advice. Your problem has to do with the possible field for an older couple desiring to go to Europe.

"President Richards is concerned with the health of these loyal couples," he talks on. "You know the tensions and strain of missionary life. He wants them nearer home, where they can be helped should they not hold up."

One of his assistants appears in the door. Seeing you, he starts to back away, but you surrender, temporarily, your precedence.

"We are down to 200 wire racks for The Book of Mormon campaign."

"We had better get a thousand more." No hesitation, the helper disappears.

ELDER GORDON B. HINCKLEY

Another ring of the phone! He listens briefly. "That particular radio program will be ready next Wednesday. Yes, fifteen minutes long. It's complete — music, and the voice of Brother Lee. It will be there on time — What? That will be all right. Yes. Good enough."

"Good enough." This characteristic manner of closing a telephone conversation has been the benediction to thousands of Church leaders all over the world who constantly phone in their problems to this important nerve center of the Church. Most of the detailed decisions of the First Presidency for the far-

Courtesy *The Deseret News*

ELDER GORDON B. HINCKLEY AND HIS FAMILY

Left to right: Virginia; Marjorie Pay Hinckley, holding Cynthia Jane; Elder Hinckley; Kathleen; Richard; Clark (kneeling).

flung missions of the Church are implemented by this pleasant, unhurried man. New mission presidents and their wives are instructed in mission policy with unruffled calmness and assurance.

The Sunday night Church broadcasts, with their to-the-second timing, pass through his nimble fingers. Prospective speeches for broadcasts on national hookups are read by him with tactful suggestions on how to eliminate parts which might give offense to the audience or be misrepresentative of the Church viewpoint. No one can be offended at his tactful, gentle censorship of these important public pronouncements.

There is to be a last minute checkup on the detail of program at the Swiss Temple. All one learns is that Brother Hinckley has gone to Switzerland for a few days. He'll be back Thursday. The temple ceremonies must be in several languages. You will find Gordon B. Hinckley over at the temple watching with keen eye for any mistranslations.

One could go on and on. With the easy grace of the natural executive, the born director of men, Gordon B. Hinckley plows steadily through the mountain of detail of the far-flung operations of the Church. Firm where firmness is needed, yet firm without being resented, kind and gentle all of the time, he comes to his new position better prepared than most. He has been tried in the furnace. He has never been found wanting.

We have not mentioned that, in addition to his daily responsibility, he is president of East Millcreek Stake. He finds time, too, to preside over one of the most charming and delightful families in the Church.

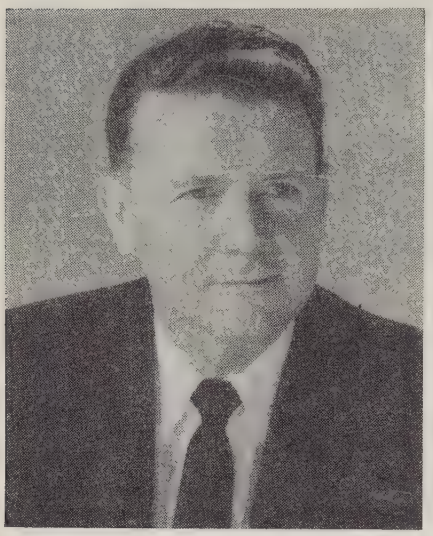
He comes to the new position as Assistant to the Twelve well prepared to implement their work and to love and serve the people. In the words of his favorite telephone ending, we say, "Good enough!"

Henry Dixon Taylor

Appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Elder LeGrand Richards

Of the Council of the Twelve



ELDER HENRY D. TAYLOR

IN the appointment of Henry Dixon Taylor to the high calling of an Assistant to the Twelve Apostles in his Church, the Lord has but recognized one of the "noble and great spirits" among whom he stood when he said unto Abraham:

> These I will make my rulers . . . and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born (Abraham 3:23).

This call is in keeping with the words of the prophet, "A good man obtaineth favor of the Lord." Carlisle has said: "What the world needs is a man who knows God otherwise than by hearsay," and such a man is Elder Taylor.

During the month of January of this year, it was my privilege to tour the California Mission with President and Sister Taylor, and as I listened to his instructions and testimony to the missionaries and saints, it was evident that he is a man who truly knows God. His were not idle words, but were accompanied by the testimony of the Holy Spirit which as their president has won for him a place in their hearts which is ample compensation for the great sacrifice he made in leaving his business to accept the call from the Lord through his prophet to preside over the mission.

Elder Taylor was born November 22, 1903, a son of Arthur N. and Maria Dixon Taylor. He has four living brothers, each of whom has served as a bishop and one is now president of a stake. He has two sisters.

He graduated from the Brigham Young University in 1929 with a B.S. degree, obtained his M.S. degree from the New York University of Retailing in 1937, filled a mission in the Eastern States from 1924 to 1926. Of his missionary labors, President B. H. Roberts reported: "Elder Taylor, as traveling elder, as conference president, as secretary of the mission, president of the mission Sunday Schools and Y.M.M.I.A. proved to be an efficient elder in all these capacities."

He served as a president in the 123d Quorum of Seventy; received his Master M Men award in 1939.

Courtesy *The Deseret News*

ELDER HENRY D. TAYLOR AND FAMILY

At left: Elder Taylor; right, Alta Hansen Taylor; center, Stephen K.; at right, David A.

Not in the picture are two sons: Henry D. Taylor, Jr. of Palo Alto, California, and Anthony H. Taylor, serving a mission in New Zealand.

From 1933 to 1940 he served as a member of the high council in the Sharon Stake, then as stake clerk until 1944. He was called to be the bishop of Pleasant View Ward in 1944, serving two years until his appointment as president of the Sharon Stake. When the stake was divided in 1952, he was named president of the East Sharon Stake. He served as chairman of the Central Utah Welfare Region in 1951 and later was named president of the newly created Mt. Timpanogos Welfare Region.

He was vice-president and chairman of the executive committee of the Utah Valley Hospital, vice president of the Bonneville Development Company, secretary and treasurer and assistant manager of Dixon-Taylor-Russell Company of Provo. He is a past president of the Provo Chamber of Commerce and Kiwanis Club.

Such a background of training has prepared Elder Taylor to be a wise counselor as he visits the stakes and missions of the Church.

Elder Taylor is sustained by a loving, capable companion of great faith and devotion. She, Alta Hansen Taylor, was born in Richfield, a daughter of A. K. and Amelia Heppler Hansen. She graduated from the B.Y.U. in 1929. She has been

active in Church and civic affairs, a teacher in M.I.A. and Primary, a member of the stake Primary and Relief Society boards. She served in the presidency of ward Relief Society, president of P.T.A., president of Literary League and member of the B.Y.U. Alumni Association Board of Trustees.

Elder and Sister Taylor have four sons. The oldest, Henry D., Jr. is married. Anthony H. is completing a mission in New Zealand. Steven K. and David A. are with their parents at the mission home.

Typical of the high regard in which Elder Taylor is held by all who know him are these excerpts from comments from his former counselor in the stake presidency and his counselors in the mission presidency:

"There isn't another stake president like him. He has everything."

"I have never met a man who was so easy to be with and know. His life to me was as an open book so full of warmth, spirituality, and understanding."

"Here is a man who has literally devoted his life to the building up of the kingdom of God on earth. Here is a man who relies continually upon the Lord for wisdom and judgment. Here is a man who lives his life in such a way that he enjoys the companionship of the Spirit of the Lord in all his doings."

With his natural endowments and broad experience, sustained by his great faith and the prayers of the saints and the inspiration and support of his lovely companion, Elder Taylor will be a great servant of the Master in the blessing of his children and the building of his kingdom in the earth.

Elder Taylor was set apart for this special calling on April 10, 1958, by President David O. McKay.

And Seek No More

Velma N. Simonsen

Oh, restful summer day,
I woo your peace from my cabin door;
My worried soul sweet solace finds,
For God speaks to me from every pore
Of quaking aspens, grass, and pines.
And I step forth with courage,
Strong for what God has for me in store.

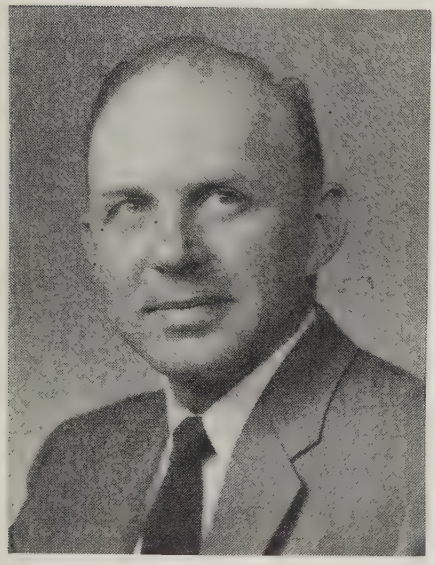
Oh, restless, seeking world!
I would on you God's elixir pour,
That you might find the word divine,
That you might know the peace that's mine—
And seek no more.

A. Theodore Tuttle

Appointed to the First Council of Seventy

Elder William E. Berrett

Vice-Administrator, Church Department of Education



ELDER A. THEODORE TUTTLE

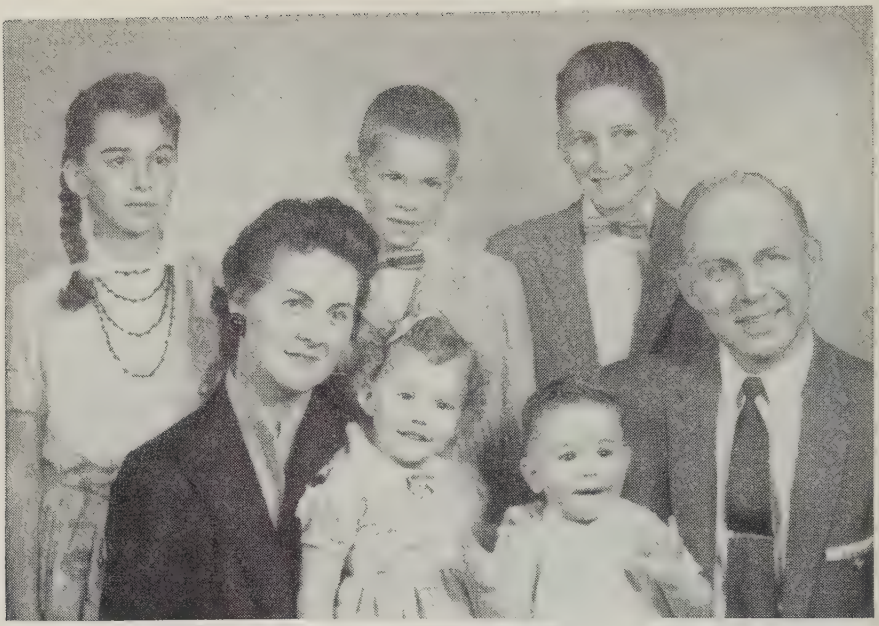
IT is not strange that when one sees his fellow man elevated to a place of honor there is a moment of reflection during which one casts about for the secret to such selection. Outwardly men appear so much alike — a sameness of dress and style; a similarity of posture; a common susceptibility to the inroads of time — that it is a bit startling to discover suddenly the individual differences.

In the life of A. Theodore Tuttle, newest member of the Council of Seventy, one can see the ladder fashioned by this man in his early years and witness the steady climb up its rungs.

His was not a complicated ladder. It was rather simplicity itself, for it was built out of the simple decisions which come in daily living. But the ladder had a solid foundation in the faith of his parents and the simple honesty of the little Sanpete community of Manti which he called home. Its top rested on the assurance which comes from belief in the revelations of God.

From his birth A. Ted Tuttle lived the life of a normal Latter-day Saint boy reared in a faithful Mormon family, his mother, Clarice Beal Tuttle, an ardent worker in the temple, which overshadowed their home, and president of the stake Relief Society; his father, Albert M. Tuttle, a sheep rancher, cattle buyer, and high priest in the Church. Two things stand out concerning this period of his youth: he seemed always to have believed in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and he seemed always to have been establishing goals to be reached — rungs on the ladder already being built.

Successively, his achievements are chronicled by honors which came to him, president of the seminary at Manti, president of the high school student body, president of the freshman class in Snow College, district president in the Northern States Mission, president of Delta Phi, returned missionary fraternity at Brigham Young University, outstanding senior in the division of religion 1943, seminary teacher, institute director, supervisor of semi-



ELDER A. THEODORE TUTTLE AND HIS FAMILY

Front row, left to right: Marne Whitaker Tuttle; Clarissa Marne; Jonathan Whitaker; Elder Tuttle.

Back row, left to right: Diane; Robert Theodore; David Merrill.

naries and institutes for the Church, and now one of the Seven Presidents of the First Quorum of Seventy.

ONE must not suppose that such a ladder could be climbed alone. On July 26, 1943, he induced a companion to make the climb with him, and Marne Whitaker, from Ellensburg, Washington, a Brigham Young University student, enters the picture. Like all men who achieve, he needed a bit of a push by his good wife and five fine children for those higher rungs. And it took a bit of the fire and carnage on Iwo Jima, and leadership of the Latter-day Saint Marines in the Fifth Marine Division to toughen the fiber and test the soul. It was in those war-torn years that the faith of a mother, the courage of a wife, and the habits of a lifetime weighted the scales toward righteousness.

In those days he must have remembered and felt the influence of the Priesthood Quorums, the Sunday Schools, the Mutual Improvement Association, the sacrament meetings, and yes, the Relief Society — for he recalls the years when his mother was stake Relief Society president and the secretary lived six miles away, so the burden of the immediate secretarial work fell on young Ted, the high school student, who says, "It seems to me that I must have typed the slogan 'Members old, members new — 100,000 by 42,' at least 100,000 times."

Yes, President Tuttle, leader extraordinary, is a product of the Church of Jesus Christ.

The Magic Hour

Ruth H. Solomon

TODAY as I walk beside the river with my small four-year-old-son, what a sweet companionship I feel! The forty-three years difference in our ages seems to melt away as we enjoy together the wonder and majesty of nature.

An early spring wind is blowing sharply, and the chill of it cuts through the brilliant sunshine. The wind, with its long fingers, ruffles and tousles our hair. My face and bare legs tingle to its coldness, and I draw my leather jacket closer around me.

We look at the river as we pause by the edge where the bank, littered with dried plants and sticks, gives way to the sand of the beach sloping to meet the water. It is early March, and the vegetation along the river is beginning to awaken again to another growing, living spring.

We watch the gentle lapping of the water against the bank as the waves gracefully bubble over the sand, giving it a smooth silky sheen as they recede. Each wave seems exactly to match the previous one. Then, without warning, from the river made tumultuous by the demanding wind, comes a larger wave which slaps angrily at the shore.

"Oh, Mother, see the big fish," my small son cries excitedly as he points to a rock slightly protruding from the water like some partly submerged animal.

And then suddenly, "Can we take off our shoes and wade across to those little houses?" He points eagerly across the great expanse of blue, shimmering waves, some white with foam, on the farther side. How close the far shore looks, and still I know the deception of this inviting, treacherous, yet magnificent river. I patiently try to explain why the houses on the farther side are miniature toys and the cars creep along like busy ants.

Caught up by the magic of this moment with my son, we stand quietly and watch a piece of driftwood as it floats silently and lazily past. I wonder briefly where it came from. How many days has it traveled aimlessly down the river? How like a life without a purpose it is!

Silhouetted against the azure of the water, my son in patched overalls with the beloved, ragged straw hat tied under his chin, stands as close to the edge as he dares. My heart fills with love and pride as I look at this small child I have helped to create. Now and then he picks up a rock which he throws in to watch the water splash up. This pleases him immensely, and he laughs gaily at the sight and sound of it.

He finds a stick of driftwood shaped strangely like some small withered dwarf and holds it out to me. "Mother, see this funny man." Then he gurgles happily as he casts it into the water for a boat, and we watch it float quietly out of sight.

Now, with the restlessness of youth, he starts to run along the river's bank. He looks back at me laughing mischievously. The sun shines on his happy face as he calls to me, "Come on, Mother, let's run." How can I resist his vigorous youth and energy—his desire to explore this big, interesting world which just now is beginning to challenge him?

He runs along the narrow, crooked paths through the willows at the river's edge. I hurry after my son, wondering at the swiftness with which he moves, and the energy he expends as he darts from one path to another.

Suddenly he stops short and listens. I hear the trilling of a bird in a tree not far away. As I look lovingly into my son's upturned face and see the wonder and delight there, my soul is filled with gratitude for this small being, and that we can enjoy so much the same things in the same way.

Can it be lasting and real — this closeness I feel with my son? In this busy world where we live, I suddenly sense the importance of taking this precious hour to spend with him — just the two of us alone. There is a great urgency in the knowledge that I must bring him often. For it is here by ourselves that we have this companionship that forms a bridge of understanding between us.

The West German Mission

Preston R. Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

THE First Presidency announced, on December 2, 1937, the formation of a new mission—the West German—with Philemon M. Kelly as president. President Kelly, who had been presiding over the East German Mission, with headquarters in Berlin, moved to Frankfort am Main during the first week of January 1938, and began to organize the new mission. Elder Sanford M. Bingham was chosen as the secretary of the West German Mission, and Fred William Babbel as secretary to the mission president. The new mission embraced the following districts: Bielefeld, Bremen, Frankfort, Hamburg, Hannover, Karlsruhe, Munich, Nuremberg, Ruhr, and Stuttgart.

President Kelly was released as president of the West German Mission in June 1938, and was succeeded by M. Douglas Wood. President Wood and the missionaries were prospering in their work when the great World War II broke out in fury in September 1939. The First Presidency promptly ordered all Latter-day Saint missionaries, who were not citizens of Germany, to leave Germany and gather in Holland or Denmark. This order was carried out, and the American missionaries were soon returned to

Dolf Siebert, Dusseldorf
Submitted by Bernice O. Dyer

AFTERNOON STROLL ALONG THE RHINE RIVER, DUSSELDORF, GERMANY

Josef Muench

VILLAGE OF TODTNAU IN THE BLACK FOREST, GERMANY

the United States. The West German Mission was left to the care of local brethren, who were directed during the war by Thomas E. McKay from the Church headquarters in Salt Lake City.

For a number of years the great war engulfed Europe, then, on the 2d of November, 1946, it was announced in the Church Section of the *Deseret News* that a new mission president had been appointed for the West German Mission:

"For the first time in more than seven years, the West German Mission, with headquarters in Frankfort, will have a president assigned from the stakes of Zion. He is Bishop Jean Wunderlich of the Las Flores Ward of Pasadena Stake."

President Wunderlich presided over the West German Mission until October 1950, when he was succeeded by Edwin Q. Cannon; President Cannon was succeeded in December 1953 by Kenneth B. Dyer; President Dyer was succeeded in July 1957 by Theodore M. Burton, who presides at the present time.

On December 31, 1957, there were 5,827 members of the Church in the West German Mission, located in 58 branches.

Seventy-one Relief Society organizations, with 869 members, were reported in December 1957. Minnie Susan P. Burton presides over the West German Mission Relief Society.

Note: The Cover for this *Magazine*, A View in Rothenburg, West Germany, was submitted by Bernice O. Dyer, former president of the West German Mission Relief Society. See also, "Recipes From the West German Mission," by Sister Dyer, page 379.

Without Doubt

Deone R. Sutherland

ELAINE stood beside the dining-room window and clenched her fists. There was that — that — words failed her, that *snoopy* Mrs. Carlson prowling around their back yard in broad daylight. Elaine stepped behind the drape as Mrs. Carlson's eyes swept the back windows of the house before she cupped her hands against her eyes to peer into the Websters' garage. Why doesn't she just open the door and be done with it? Elaine thought, indignantly. As if in answer to her unspoken thought, the elderly woman opened the side garage door and peered in.

Elaine had put up with the inquisitiveness of her neighbor ever since they had moved on Monroe Avenue six months ago. She really loved the house and the lovely gardens and the nice lawns. They had dreamed of living here forever, but Mrs. Carlson was making it impossible.

Elaine had tried to be nice, but every casual conversation contained a bit of advice from Mrs. Carlson to the Webster family. It was true they might have had trouble from that one drainpipe if Mrs. Carlson hadn't told them about it, and they were glad they had taken up the bulbs on the side of the house they had overlooked. But Elaine began to wish fervently that Mrs. Carlson would let them discover just one thing for themselves. Suppose it was true that she took more pains to provide happy activity for Jimmy and Chris so she wouldn't have to hear Mrs. Carlson's, "I heard Chris crying this morning . . ." while Elaine had to account for everything. Well, she was tired of it.

Elaine went swiftly to the back door and out into the yard. Mrs. Carlson gave a little jump and shut the garage door quickly. At least she had the decency to look flustered, Elaine thought.

"Hello, dear. It was a cat. I thought I heard your kitten meowing. I thought maybe he'd got stuck or locked up somewhere and couldn't get out. Didn't you hear it?"

"No, I didn't," Elaine said grimly, "but I'll be happy to help you find it."

"Perhaps I was mistaken." The older woman smoothed at her gray hair while her eyes noted the sandbox, the clothesline, the frame holding the raspberry vines. Again she avoided Elaine's eyes as she hurried back to the gate that led out of the Webster yard into her own.

Elaine shook her head. She was silly to get so upset, but weren't their rights being infringed upon?

It was dusk, and time to turn on the lights. The smell of dinner cooking came deliciously from the kitchen. Elaine began pulling the blinds reluctantly. "Mrs. Carlson don't pull her blinds," Jimmy commented casually.

"Doesn't," Elaine corrected, and then she added crossly, "she doesn't, but we do."

Mrs. Carlson had mentioned herself to Elaine that she never bothered to close a blind on her side of the house. As if she wanted Elaine to leave hers up also. Elaine peeked at the roast. It was perfect. As if

by magic, the placing of the roast on the platter brought Dick from upstairs where he'd been washing up for dinner. He carried Chris on his back.

Elaine didn't bother to pull her blinds in the kitchen because she didn't care if Mrs. Carlson wanted to inspect her while she washed the dishes, but she was going to have a little privacy in the rest of the house. She could see Mrs. Carlson moving back and forth between her kitchen and dining room. One of her sons must be coming to dinner if she was going to eat in there. It was too bad just having sons. They didn't seem to come home to visit as often as daughters.

AFTER dinner, Elaine told Dick about Mrs. Carlson snooping around the back yard.

"Maybe she really did hear a cat in distress," Dick said calmly. "She seems to love pets, and it might have worried her."

"That wasn't it at all. I could tell she was just over inspecting things to make sure we weren't letting the property run down or something."

"Say, what kind of dining room furniture does Mrs. Carlson have?"

"It's that light oak, really pretty. The sideboard is very nice for an old-fashioned one. She does have good taste in her wallpaper, and the drapes. . . ." Elaine stopped.

Dick was roaring with laughter as he pointed an accusing finger at Elaine. The red slowly mounted her cheeks.

"Well, how could I help seeing? She leaves all her blinds up . . ." she began lamely, and then she, too, had to join in the contagious laughter.

Early the next morning, Elaine packed changes of clothes for the children and plenty of diapers for Chris and spent the day at her mother's. Dick left them on his way to work and picked them up that evening on his way home. It was a lovely day, and Elaine used her mother's sewing machine and finished a pair of trousers for Jimmy. While Elaine sewed, her mother took the two boys to the neighbors' homes on both sides to show off her grandchildren to her old friends.

Why couldn't we have been lucky enough to get neighbors like that? Elaine thought to herself as her mother brought the children proudly home and repeated many of the compliments her friends had given the boys.

Elaine and the boys slept late the next morning. Even a short trip like the one to her mother's was tiring, but by mid-morning she had the children out in the fenced-in yard to play. She put Chris in his playpen in the middle of the yard. She had scarcely hurried into the house to get at the kitchen, when she saw Mrs. Carlson out at the fence talking to Jimmy. No doubt she was pumping him for information about every move they made, Elaine thought grimly.

When she brought Chris in for his morning nap, Jimmy followed for a drink of juice. "What did Mrs. Carlson ask you this morning, Jimmy?" Elaine put two graham crackers beside his juice.

"I forgot," Jimmy said gulping his juice.

"Did she ask you where we went yesterday?" Elaine frowned at him. He could be uncommunicative when he wanted to be. But he had talked a blue streak to Mrs. Carlson.

"We went to Grandma's yesterday," Jimmy commented agreeably. "Mrs. Carlson said it was quiet with us gone."

INDIGNATION made Elaine stand up straight. Now she was criticizing how much noise they made.

Elaine cleaned the house furiously the rest of the morning. After lunch she read stories to the children until it was time for both their naps. Then she put them down in their cribs and carried the wastepaper baskets out of the bedrooms into the one by the hall. She would have to make two trips because she wanted to put the two blankets to be washed in the hamper in the laundry room. She took the blankets first and then propped the back screen door open. Leaving the door open wouldn't matter for the few minutes it would take to bring down the baskets to be emptied into the garbage. The wrapping paper and debris overfilled the bathroom basket so she put her foot determinedly into the basket to push everything down and make room.

There was a sharp burn of pain, and Elaine pulled back her leg quickly. What could have cut her like that? She watched almost in wonder as the blood reddened into rivers down her leg. One of Dick's razor blades it was. How could she have done such a foolish thing to herself? Of course, it was an old razor blade he had thrown into the basket. The cold washcloth she had snatched up quickly turned to red in her hands. One of the larger veins in her leg had been cut. She tore two or three inches from the edge of a towel with a strength she didn't know she possessed and made a tourniquet for her leg.

"I'm not so bad in an emergency," she said to herself just as the room began to swim and she slipped to the floor. She steadied herself against the side of the bathtub. How cool the white tub was against her face. She remained seated on the floor. She dared not risk standing up again. She might faint. She had succeeded in stopping the flow of blood, but she was beginning to feel a throb of pain from the cut and an ache in her hands from clenching the tourniquet. For the first time she began to realize her predicament. What was she to do? She couldn't remain in such a position until Dick came home. That was hours away. And if she tried to walk suppose she fainted and . . . .

She must wake the children. If she could awaken Jimmy, he could run to Mrs. Carlson's for help. "Jimmy, sweetheart. Mother needs you. Jimmy, Jimmy. . . ." But there was no response from Jimmy. The bedroom door was closed, and he had just gone off to sleep, tired from a morning's hard play in the back yard.

ELAINE rested again against the tub and closed her eyes against the shadows that seemed ready to whirl her away at any moment. She must not get hysterical. She would call to Jimmy again. She would conserve her strength again and call as loudly as possible.

"Elaine? Elaine, are you here?"

"Mrs. Carlson, come up and help me. Mrs. Carlson!" She must not leave. Had she heard her? "I'm up here. I've done such a stupid thing to myself." She waited until she

was sure Mrs. Carlson was really there before she gave way to a few frightened tears.

"It was your back door," Mrs. Carlson explained apologetically on the way home from the emergency room at the hospital. "I noticed it ajar and felt it was such a shame to leave it open that way in case a fly or something came along. But I really didn't feel I ought to say anything. I was afraid you were beginning to think I was a meddlesome old woman. . . ."

"No, you're not," Elaine said weakly. "I'll never think so . . ." and she added to herself under her breath, "again."

"I said to myself, 'I won't go over there. She's got some reason for leaving that door that way, if she wants to, and I won't go over.' But it seemed so odd to me. I hope you don't think I'm always interfering."

Elaine felt the color rise in her cheeks. She had thought worse than that.

Mrs. Myers was still sitting with the children when they returned. Mrs. Carlson had taken complete command of the situation, and had telephoned Mrs. Myers, asking her to come and stay with the children. In a matter of minutes they had been on their way to the hospital. Everything would be all right, Mrs. Carlson had assured her. She had known that it would be, too. She had nothing more to worry about.

"I guess being lonesome for my own grandchildren, and not having Charles any more makes me take too much notice of my neighbors sometimes. Maybe it makes me a nuisance."

Elaine remembered saying something to Mrs. Myers down the street once about her inquisitive neighbor. Mrs. Myers had responded drily, "It's good to have an 'inquisitive' neighbor when you need one."

Elaine's mother came and spent the next two days. Elaine felt it was unnecessary, but Dick and her mother insisted. After all, an accident like that was not only painful, but also was something of a shock as well. It wouldn't hurt for Elaine to take it slowly for a day or so.

Elaine rested on her bed and listened to her mother and Mrs. Carlson discuss from the back yards their roof that needed repairs, the children, the kitten, the flowers, and the lovely weather. She closed her eyes as their voices floated up to her open window. With her eyes shut it was difficult to distinguish one voice from the other almost.

She opened her eyes with a start. Of course, they were alike. They were really interested in the welfare of other people. Perhaps that was the secret of growing up to be like the gracious friend and neighbor her mother was. She had always wanted to be like her mother, hadn't she? Well, her mother was like Mrs. Carlson, genuinely interested in other people. The trouble was she hadn't been interested enough in Mrs. Carlson. She felt herself relaxing back against the soft pillows. She felt wonderfully lighthearted. There were ways she would be able to be a neighbor to Mrs. Carlson. She felt as though she had rid herself of a heavy load. Friendship was so much more uncomplicated.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1898

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

GENERAL RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: President Horne of Salt Lake Stake said, "If you cannot store grain you can save a few cans of flour, it has been proven it will keep twenty years. . . ." Counselor Luna Thatcher of Cache Stake said, "We have had advice in regard to our younger sisters and we feel that there has been quite a revival in the work of the Society in our Stake. . . ." President Haight of Cassia Stake felt great timidity mingled with pleasure. "Last summer we visited all around, twelve hundred miles through the vales and over the hills. . . ." Sister Mary Bell Heywood of Panguitch was glad to see so many dear ones. . . . "We have between seven and eight hundred bushels of wheat in our Stake. . . ."

—E. B. Wells, Sec.

WOMEN IN ART: Rosa Bonheur is over seventy-nine years old. She is as active as ever, and still spends five hours a day perched upon the substantial ladder which has become the most historically valuable object in her studio. With its help all her most famous work has been achieved, from "The Horse Fair" to the picture which she justly considers her magnum opus, "Horses Threshing Out the Corn."

—Ex.

CHILDHOOD

Lightly, smoothly, speed along,
Quickly as the agile fawn,
Leaving naught behind whereon
There can smile another dawn. . . .

Forest whispers nevermore
Breathe the song they did before;
Childhood dreams for thee are o'er,
Woman's scepter's at your door.

—Hyacinth

GROWTH OF RELIEF SOCIETY: We are pleased to inform our readers that very recently new branches of the National Woman's Relief Society have been organized in Denver and Colorado Springs, and that Apostle John W. Taylor expects to organize one in Grand Junction in the same state very soon. We received word today of a branch just organized in San Diego, California.

—News Note

JULIA WARD HOWE: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on one occasion, presented herself at a club of which she is a member with her bonnet wrong side in front. After some hesitation lest Mrs. Howe should feel hurt, a sister member informed her of the mistake. "What a blow to my vanity!" said Mrs. Howe with an amused smile. "I thought I was receiving an unusual amount of attention as I came down town on the car, but attributed it solely to my own attractions."

—News Note

A COLORADO WOMAN: The state superintendent of schools is a woman, and no office in the state house is conducted with more ability. Half the county superintendents of Colorado are of the same sex.

—Special Report

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. RUTH MAY FOX, who was Utah's oldest citizen, died April 12, 1958, at the age of 104. She has 290 living descendants. She was a member of the general presidency of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association for thirty years, and when seventy-five years old became president of that organization. A natural leader, she was a woman of many talents especially in the fields of writing, speaking, and homemaking. She was the author of the words of that stirring song, "Carry On." She was a spiritual, inspirational, practical, and delightfully witty person, greatly admired and loved.

MRS. ELSIE RICHARDS KOHLER (Mrs. Albert F. Kohler) of Midway, Utah's Mother of the Year, is the mother of twelve children and foster mother to another "son," and through the years has been active in Church, civic, and intellectual life. She was a Relief Society officer and teacher for thirty-five years. As a girl, she earned her education money by baby sitting and helping busy mothers. Her children are highly educated and are outstanding in various fields all useful to humanity. Mrs. Fern Lewis Brockbank of Spanish Fork, an outstanding mother, Church worker, and community leader, was named alternate Mother.

PRINCESS MARGRETHE ALEXANDRINE TORHILDUR INGRID (familiarly called "Daisy"), daughter of Frederik IX, and heir to the Danish throne, became eighteen years old in April, 1958. At Christiansborg Palace, she was formally introduced to the Council of State and signed an oath to uphold the Danish Constitution. She received the designation "Tronfolger," future Queen.

MRS. ANNIE SCHENK HUMPHREY, ninety-two, former World War I army nurse and later an assistant national director of the American Red Cross Nursing Services, died in February 1958 in the Veterans Hospital at Perry Point, Maryland, and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

EDNA FERBER, popular as an American novelist for several generations, has written a new novel, *Ice Palace* about Alaska and people living there.

DAME EDITH SITWELL, Great Britain's distinguished poet, has given some moving readings of her own and other poets' work and has given some enlightening and incisive comments on poetry over the National Education Television Network, a rare treat to the countless listeners.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 45 JUNE 1958 NO. 6

The 128th Annual Church Conference

THE 128 Annual Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in the historic Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, April 4, 5, and 6, 1958, with President David O. McKay conducting all of the general sessions, and with all of the General Authorities in attendance. Elder Harold B. Lee, of the Council of the Twelve, delivered the "Church of the Air" address on the subject "Courage to Face Life's Inevitables Through Faith in a Redeemer." Music was furnished on Friday by the combined choruses of Brigham Young University, on Saturday by a chorus from Utah State University and the Logan Institute of Religion, and on Sunday by the Tabernacle Choir.

In addition to the thousands congregated in the Tabernacle and in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square, many others were privileged to hear the proceedings by radio and to hear and see the sessions by television. Proceedings of the general Priesthood session on Saturday evening were heard by 45,154 bearers of the Priesthood. This number includes all those assembled in the Tabernacle and those who listened to this session over closed circuits.

Themes for the conference, as summarized by President McKay in his concluding address on Sunday afternoon, were: "True spirituality should be expressed in daily activity," and ". . . salvation and peace, contentment of the human family, not only in the home but in the community life, will come through obedience to the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Four new appointments to the General Authorities of the Church were made, and a new Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was announced: Elder Hugh B. Brown was named a member of the Council of the Twelve; Elders Gordon B. Hinckley and Henry D. Taylor were appointed Assistants to the Council of the Twelve; Elder A. Theodore Tuttle was appointed to the First Council of Seventy; and Joseph T. Bentley was named Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, to take office after the 1958 June Conference.

IN his opening address on Friday, April 4th, President McKay said that fifty years had passed since he stood in the Tabernacle for the first time as one of the General Authorities. He spoke of the 31,817 converts to the Church during the past year, and expressed appreciation for the untiring efforts of the missionaries throughout the world. Our beloved President emphasized the urgent need for a spiritual awakening:

> Man is making great progress in science and invention . . . but is not making comparable progress in character and spirituality. . . . Spirituality, our true aim, is the consciousness of victory over self, and of communion with the Infinite. Spirituality impels one to conquer difficulties and acquire more and more strength. To feel one's faculties unfolding, and truth ex-

panding in the soul, is one of life's sublimest experiences. . . . Christ asked us to develop the spiritual within us. . . .

Spiritual awakening in the hearts of millions of men and women would bring about a changed world. I am hopeful . . . that the dawning of that day is not far distant. I am conscious, as I hope all of you are, that the responsibility to try to bring about such a day rests upon the Priesthood of the Church of Jesus Christ and upon the membership, and upon husbands and wives, and upon children in Mormon homes. . . .

PRESIDENT Stephen L Richards, on Sunday, April 6th, spoke of the necessity to "Put Father Back at the Head of the Family." He said that the Church for generations had endeavored to "put and keep father at the head of the family."

We define a home as being a divinely appointed institution established on the enduring compact of a good man and a good woman, wherein spiritual children of our Eternal Father are permitted to receive mortal bodies endowed with eternal intelligence, these children so received in the home to be nurtured in health and so guided in the ways of living by loving and wise parents that they may be conditioned on completion of their lives to return to the presence of the Lord whence their spirits originally came. In this greatest of all enterprises the man and the woman are partners . . . of the enduring compact which binds them together. . . .

We call the ordinance of marriage when performed not only for time but for all eternity a sealing—a sealing of a good woman to a good man of the Priesthood, with the express understanding and covenant that the Priesthood of the man, if he shall be faithful and live worthy to enjoy it, shall be the supreme authority of the household. . . .

IN an eloquent Easter address, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. recounted the sacred events, beginning with the Last Supper, and describing the death and resurrection of Jesus. President Clark spoke of the faithful women and their part in the scriptural narrative of this transcendent event in which Jesus became "the true sacrifice for the Fall, ordained from the beginning of the world and before."

. . . the day that he was buried was the day fixed under the Mosaic law for the gathering of the first sheaf of the harvest, and . . . while the women who were seated near the sepulchre returned, sorrowful, to their homes in the darkness, for their light had gone out, another group from across the Kedron returned joyously, carrying the sheaf, the first sheaf of the harvest. . . .

President Clark spoke also of "the voice in America" which was heard all over the land, and which declared: "Behold, I am Jesus Christ the Son of God." Then, in Jerusalem, came the glory of the resurrection, for "an angel of the Lord will come down and roll back the stone that closed the sepulchre."

In bearing his testimony at the close of his address, President Clark said:

He is the way, he is the life, he is the truth, he is the light. That is the message which comes to us, and may God give to each of us the power to follow him, to live in his light, tread his way, observe his truths. . . .

In their conference addresses, all of the General Authorities urged the members of the Church to live according to the saving principles of the restored gospel. "It has been the season of Easter, and every speaker has referred to the salvation, glorified life, the eternal gospel of the resurrected Christ."

—V. P. C.

In Memoriam—Ruth May Fox

THE General Board of Relief Society pays a tribute of love and appreciation to the memory of Ruth May (Harding) Fox, in the remarkable accomplishments of this beloved daughter of Zion. She was born November 16, 1853, in Westbury, Wilshire, England, and died April 2, 1958, in Salt Lake City, far away from the land of her birth. Her days upon the earth numbered more than a century, and her life was a dedication to everlasting values—her home and family, the Church, and services to individuals and organizations where there was need for her understanding heart and her willing hands.

She crossed the plains in 1867 by ox-team and thus entered the valleys of the mountains when she was only fourteen. Three years later she became a Sunday School teacher and thereafter she served faithfully in the women's auxiliary organizations of the Church, becoming General President of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association in 1929, when she was seventy-five years old. For twenty-five years she served as a missionary on Temple Square, where her unusual gift for the speech arts illuminated her deep and abiding testimony of the gospel.

Ruth May Fox tenderly nurtured twelve children and exemplified true motherhood and sisterhood. Her voice was lifted for the betterment of women everywhere. She is remembered for her devoted work in the National Council of Women and for her able and inspirational direction of the lives of thousands of young women who have become leaders in Relief Society and in all the women's auxiliary organizations of the Church. Her life has touched the lives of many who will long remember her and call her blessed.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting

THE special program for Sunday, November 2, 1958, "Reverence for the Gospel Light," was mailed to Relief Society stake presidents in May 1958. We urge that these programs be distributed to the wards without delay.

Hymn of the Month—Annual List

July 1958 to June 1959

THE Church-wide congregational hymn singing project, inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, will be continued during the coming year, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of the Church members and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at union meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

An analysis and story of the hymn will be printed each month in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*.

Following is a list of hymns approved for the twelve months July 1958 to June 1959:

1958			No.
July	The Glorious Gospel Light Has Shone	Johnson-Robertson	45
August	Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning	Hastings-Parry	182
September	'Tis Sweet to Sing the Matchless Love	Manwaring-Asper	187
October	Praise the Lord With Heart and Voice	Cannon-Cannon	149
November	We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet	Fowler-Norton	196
December	It Came Upon the Midnight Clear	Sears-Willis	82
1959			
January	While of These Emblems	Nicholson-Schreiner	217
February	There's Sunshine in My Soul Today	Hewitt-Sweney	174
March	He Is Risen	Alexander-Neander	61
April	With All the Power of Heart and Tongue	Watts-Durham	216
May	To Nephi, Seer of Olden Time	Townsend-Clayton	186
June	We Give Thee But Thine Own	How-Laudis	180

Erratum

El Paso Stake and Juarez Stake Percentages, *Magazine* Honor Roll Percentages for 1957. Attention is called to the correct figures for these reports:

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
El Paso	353	324	92	Lola P. Wiley
Juarez	93	96	103	Fannie B. Hatch

"Young Men Shall See Visions...."

"Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light" (Psalms 48:3).

TRULY in this time of rapidly advancing knowledge, the wonders of the universe are being made known, and men of earth are learning further wonders of the nearest stars and planets. And those who approach learning and scientific endeavor with a reverent and humble attitude acknowledge the Heavenly Father as the Lord of the universe, for the farthest galaxies are known and numbered unto him; they are also his realm and his dominion.

Many who search for truth realize that control of the earthly elements and knowledge of the stars and inter-stellar spaces will avail them little, if men do not speedily master the ancient truths — the elemental laws of living long ago given to men upon the earth. The Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the invincible truths of modern scripture have not been taken from us. They are among us still as guide and testament. Their everlasting integrity and their living promise have not been lost even though many have not followed the commandments.

I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star (Revelations 22:16).

We must all learn the requirements of liberty of thought, free agency, justice, and love and consideration for our fellow men. If we cannot master the fundamental requirements of life together, then our tenure upon the earth will be limited, and our mastery of tools and complicated machines will avail us little. It is still implicit in the relationships of God's children upon the earth that only disorder and ultimate chaos can come to them unless they learn to obey the law. This concept of human behavior is still the greatest challenge to the ever-reaching mind of youth, the supreme test of accomplishment. Let us not forget that the realms of the mind and the spirit are wide and wonderful; they challenge us to highest endeavor.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Recipes From the West German Mission

Submitted by Bernice O. Dyer

Red Cabbage

1 large, firm head red cabbage
2 apples (peeled)
1 tbsp. vinegar
lemon juice
2 tbsp. shortening
pinch of sugar
pinch of salt
boiling water

Clean cabbage, cut into coarse pieces, combine with apples which have been diced (not too small), and cover with boiling water. Add salt, sugar, shortening, and vinegar, and cook slowly for two hours. Lemon juice will improve the flavor.

(German housewives claim that red cabbage must be cooked for two hours, in order to make it easily digestible.)

Pfannekuchen

3¼ c. flour
1 cake yeast
½ c. milk (perhaps one or two tbsp. more, if needed)
¼ c. sugar
1 pinch salt
2 eggs
½ c. butter or other shortening
sugar for finished Pfannekuchen

Combine milk and yeast and allow to rise in a warm place for half an hour. Add all other ingredients and stir thoroughly until a soft bubbly dough is formed. Cover with a cloth and allow it to rise until double in bulk. Roll dough out about three-fourths of an inch thick, and cut with any size cookie cutter. Place a teasoonful of jam in center and cover with another piece of dough rolled very thin. Allow jam-filled dough to rise until double in bulk, then deep fry in hot fat until golden brown on both sides. Drain well and roll in sugar. Makes from 10 to 12 Pfannekuchen.

Pfannekuchen are a favorite all over Germany, but they are especially famous in the Rhineland.

Yeast Applecake With Buttercrumbles

6½ c. flour
¾ c. butter or shortening
2 c. milk (plus three tbsp., if needed)
2 yeast cakes
1 lemon rind (grated)
1 tsp. sugar
apples to taste

Let yeast, a little of the milk (warmed), sugar, and a little flour rise together for a short time. Warm the rest of the flour in the oven. Combine melted butter, balance of milk, sugar, and grated lemon rind, and flour, with the yeast mixture, and knead into a firm dough. Cover and allow to rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Roll out the dough until it fits a large size baking tin (like a cookie sheet). Cover with apples, about an inch deep, or to taste, and spread the butter crumbles over the top of all. Bake at moderate temperature for about thirty minutes. If desired, the apple cake may be allowed to rise for a short time before baking. Other fruits may be substituted. Butter crumble recipe follows.

Butter Crumbles

1 c. butter
⅓ c. sugar
1⅓ c. flour

Mix ingredients. Rub between the hands until little, dry lumps are formed.

Accidents: The Greatest Threat to Our Children

Alan K. Done, M.D.

Department of Pediatrics, University of Utah College of Medicine

Prepared for the Salt Lake Safety Council

MORE children die from accidents than from the six most deadly diseases combined! And year by year the accident threat becomes greater, relatively speaking, because the death rate from disease is diminishing three times as rapidly as the death rate from accidents. In the United States *this* year, over 10,000 children will die, and 40,000 to 50,000 will be permanently crippled by accidents.

Parents can't be expected to foresee all of the numerous and sometimes subtle dangers which threaten children. Nothing short of continual watching or complete immobilization will insure absolutely that a child will not have an accident; and, obviously, neither is desirable. A child should be allowed to develop as a self-sufficient individual, and certainly cannot do this without suffering a few bumps and bruises (both physically and mentally) along the way.

The most logical approach to the problem is through (1) an understanding of the child himself, and why he is accident prone, and (2) a knowledge of the types of accidents which pose the greatest threat to the child, and the ways in which these accidents occur.

The Child and His Ways

A fear of (or respect for) anything, with the possible exception of loud noises, comes about through experience and learning, and this takes time. In other words, a child is not born with the instinctive knowledge that fire will burn, automobiles will crush, or water will drown him. On top of this, he has an insatiable curiosity which insures that he will taste everything within reach, climb into or upon every accessible structure, and will reach into every closet, cupboard, or piece of machinery available.

Obviously, the degree to which the very young child can be *taught* to protect *himself* is quite limited. Not that attempts to teach him should not be made. On the contrary, when the child reaches the age of five or six and is away at school most of the time, he will be dependent for protection almost entirely upon what we have been able to teach him about safety.

Before the child is old enough to learn, he must be protected, utterly and completely protected. Some measures which can be taken to provide this protection will be enumerated as we consider accidents of different types. As the child becomes old enough to understand, an occasional well-timed "no-no" or tap on the hand (or seat) may properly be used to begin his education in self-preservation. It must be remembered, however, that the young child is incapable of understanding the implication of, or reasons for, such cautionings. Consequently, if there are too many of

them, he simply becomes confused and little will have been gained.

Now, a final suggestion before discussing the accidents themselves: Don't rob your child of the educational value of his minor misadventures and injuries. The child best learns by experience, but if he is rewarded after having a minor accident, the educational value is largely lost. Let him associate hot things with the painful sensation of burning, not with cookies or kisses.

The most common, serious accidents of children include *motor vehicle accidents, falls, poisonings, burns, drownings,* and *injuries with sharp objects.* Let us now consider the ways in which these accidents most commonly occur so that we may have additional ammunition with which to fight the battle of child safety.

Automobile vs. Child

Automobiles kill more children each year than any other single cause. The problem of automobile safety is too broad to cover here in its entirety, but let us consider those aspects of the problem which apply specifically and directly to the child.

A large number of deaths and injuries to children result from their falling or being thrown either inside the car or to the outside through an accidentally opened door. A child standing on the back seat may be thrown to the floor, or one seated next to the driver may be thrown against the dashboard or windshield in the event of a sudden stop or collision. Most conventional car doors can be opened, even when "locked," simply by manipulation of the handle. Special locks can be obtained which can be opened from the driver's seat or safety catches can be installed in the rain gutter above the door. In lieu of safety locks, it is possible simply to remove the inside handles of the rear doors so that they must be opened from the outside. Obviously seat-belts would be extremely desirable for the child who is old enough to use them.

Many children are killed every year by automobiles backing from driveways. Even though one may look about to determine that the way is clear, the few minutes it takes to get into the car and start it moving is more than ample for a small child to sneak behind the car unseen. It is far safer to know where the child *is* than to think you know where he *isn't*.

It is worth remembering that everyone is not going to be as concerned about your children as you. A neighbor, delivery man, or visitor may not think to look about before driving away. The child playing behind, under, on or in front of his vehicle may not be seen by the unsuspecting driver until it is too late.

A child's carelessly running in front of a moving automobile is much more difficult to prevent. However, if parents would start as early as possible to teach their children (both by words and example) pedestrian-sense and car-sense they will have taken a tremendous step towards preventing this and other types of accidents involving automobiles.

Falls

Occasional bumps and bruises from falls are part of the game of

growing up. However, falls from heights or onto injurious surfaces or objects may result in serious injury.

Windows without screens and stairways without gates invite trouble. So does leaving an infant alone and unstrapped in a high-chair. When a child is "rough housing" or climbing on chairs or other objects, his potential landing field should be free from extraneous objects, and he should not be permitted to have sharp objects in his hand.

Poisoning

The majority of poisonings occur because someone has left a potentially toxic substance where it can be reached by an inquisitive child. Few parents realize that the majority of childhood *deaths* from poisoning are caused by such common household items as aspirin and other drugs, kerosene, cleaners, polishes, and insect powders.

Burns

Most parents would not permit a child to play with matches or near open flames. However, few are aware that the majority of preventable childhood burns are caused by hot liquids. This usually occurs in one of two ways: (1) the curious child tips the contents of a pan onto himself from the kitchen stove, or (2) the child left alone in the bathtub turns on the hot water.

Drowning

Children occasionally drown in bathtubs, either because they are too young to prevent themselves from slipping under the surface of the water, or they fall and are knocked unconscious attempting to climb out of the tub. The peak incidence of drowning in the young child occurs in the one to two-year age group. This is due, in part at least, to the fact that people underestimate the amount of water necessary to drown one so small. No one would knowingly permit a toddler to play near a raging river, but many parents do not give a second thought to the foot-deep fish pond or irrigation ditch which may be equally deadly for a child of this age.

Sharp Objects

Until he is old enough to know how to use them safely, a child should not be allowed access to sharp objects, even for an instant. Knives left on the kitchen sink or scissors left on a table invite trouble. Scissors provided for the child to use in cutting paper should have rounded ends and blunt edges.

Specific Child Safety Suggestions

From the foregoing we should be able to derive a relatively limited list of specific suggestions which will avoid most of the common, dangerous childhood accidents:

While riding in an automobile, a small child should stand behind your shoulder or against the dashboard or the back of the front seat.

Special precautions should be taken to prevent car doors from being opened by children.

When backing out of the driveway, have the children stand where you can see them.

Small children should not be allowed to play around parked automobiles or trucks.

Teach your child pedestrian safety.

Upstairs windows should be securely screened, and stairways should be protected by gates.

When playing, a child should not have, in his hand or where he may fall, objects which could be injurious.

Keep all medicines (including aspirin), kerosene, polishes, cleaners, pest killers, etc., under lock and key.

Children should not be allowed to play near the stove, whether or not it is in use.

Cooking utensils should be placed on the back burners of the stove, where possible, and the handles should always be turned toward the back of the stove.

A small child should never be left alone in the bathtub, even for an instant.

Teach your child to swim, but teach him also the dangers of overconfidence.

Where possible, all bodies of water, including small fish ponds, irrigation ditches, and swimming pools should be fenced or covered.

A small child should never be allowed access to sharp instruments, even or an instant.

Now, a closing word to those who do not have small children of their own: don't allow your home, yard, or garage to be a death trap for visiting youngsters!

New Serial "Not to the Swift" to Begin in July

A new serial, "Not to the Swift," by Deone R. Sutherland, will begin in the July issue of the *Magazine*. The story tells of the decision of Julie Markham, a lovely and gifted young woman, between a musical career and marriage. She carefully considers her future and chooses a path that leads to fulfillment.

Mrs. Sutherland, the author, is well known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Many of her short stories have appeared in the *Magazine*, and three serials: "Dear Conquest," "Green Willows," and "Heart's Bounty." Mrs. Sutherland received the first prize award in the Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1957, for her entry "The Day We All Went to Rainbow Springs," published in the January 1958 *Magazine*.

Lullaby of Silence

Maude Rubin

This hour is banked with stillness. In the half-light
Each cricket and cicada waits the stir
Of night's baton to start the sleepy drumming—
No lizard moves; no cactus-wren's wing-whir.

An agate quiet wraps the canyon murmur
Of aspen leaves in soundless listening.
The desert cradles her wind-weary children
With lullaby of silence . . . Hear it sing!

Sweet Is the Faith of a Child

Mabel Law Atkinson

"I can't wait till tomorrow, Mother. It's the best secret!" The eyes of six-year-old David were dancing.

"What secret, my dear?" Elnora Anson looked lovingly at the sensitiveness of her small son's face as she asked the question. "Surely a little boy doesn't have secrets from his mother."

"Oh, but I have! And it's been such fun keeping it a secret all this week. Six long days already! But you'll know what it is tomorrow, if you come to Junior Sunday School with me. Will you, Mother?"

"I'll be glad to, David, and Daddy will, too, I'm sure."

David gave a few happy little skips about the room, clapped his hands in front of him, then behind him and stood laughing happily as he chanted, "Tomorrow you'll know! Tomorrow you'll know! Miss Clifford said I could do it all by myself and I have. Tomorrow you'll know, Mother, in Sunday School."

His mother kissed him tenderly then said, "But unless your new trousers come in today's mail, you won't be able to go to Sunday School." Seeing the startled look in his eyes, she continued, "But they should be here, for I ordered them nearly two weeks ago."

"Oh, Mother, I forgot. I wouldn't have given my Sunday trousers to Ronnie last Wednesday if I had thought my new ones wouldn't get here. I mean I would have waited a little longer to give them to him."

"Ronnie looked very nice in your trousers. I'm sure his mother was grateful, too. There goes the mailman now. In about fifteen minutes, Mrs. Martin will have the mail sorted so you may go to the post office."

At the gate he turned and called to her, "You pray I'll get my new trousers, won't you, Mother?"

Mrs. Anson hurried toward him as she answered, "But, Son, it's too late to pray about that now."

"But God can do anything, Mother." David's eyes held perfect trust as they looked into hers.

"Listen, David. Suppose the clerks in the mail-order house mailed our parcel just yesterday or even the day before. It couldn't possibly reach us today. Four days is the very shortest time it takes for a parcel to come that distance. Now do you understand what I mean by saying it is too late to pray about getting it today? Either it is at the post office now or it isn't. Do you see?"

David stood pondering things for a while then said, "Yes, Mother, I see. God can do anything *he needs to do*, but of course he doesn't do things like bringing my trousers in a few minutes when it takes four days. I think he expects us to let the mail train bring them."

"You are right, darling."

Watching him running eagerly toward the post office, Mrs. Anson sent a silent prayer upward that his faith would remain whole and shining and not be shaken by circumstance.

WHEN David returned his disappointed eyes spoke before he

said slowly, "They didn't come, Mother. What shall I do?"

She kissed his forehead and putting her arms about him, answered very, very gently, "I'm glad you love Sunday School, David, and if your trousers don't come this week, we'll go to town and buy you new ones. There won't be time today after Daddy gets here with the car. You'll only have to miss this once."

"But I must go this time, Mother. When I promised my teacher I would give the two-and-one-half minute talk, she said, 'I know you are dependable, David. God is pleased with dependable boys.' And I wanted you to hear me, Mother." In his need of knowing what to do, he had revealed his secret.

Before Mrs. Anson could suggest they let Miss Clifford know he would be unable to come, David said, "Heavenly Father couldn't get the parcel here for me today, but he can make me *think what to do for tomorrow*." It was not a question but a statement of truth. "I'm going to my room and pray now, and I'll tell you what we can do pretty soon."

A few minutes later he came to the door and spoke quietly, "I've prayed, Mother. Now I shall lie down and keep still as still and *think hard*."

A half hour later when Mrs. Anson quietly entered his room to tell him his father was home and it was time for dinner, he was sound asleep. She tiptoed out so as not to disturb him.

It was after dark when he awakened. He lay for a moment wondering, then *thought out* the answer to his prayer. Jumping from his bed, he knelt down and said quickly, "Thank you Heavenly Father," then hurried into the living room where his mother sat reading.

One look at the happy light in his eyes and she knew all was well with her little son. She waited for a moment and asked gently, "Tell me, David."

"I think Heavenly Father would like me to be dependable even if I have to wear overalls to Sunday School. So I shall wear my new overalls tomorrow."

"But David," his mother began, then left the rest of her protest unsaid. Humbled, she drew him to her and held him close.

"I'm proud of you, my son."

David turned quickly to see his father in the doorway. He had returned home from a village board meeting just in time to hear his son's words.

THE next morning as David and his mother were walking to Sunday School, he said, "I may not look right *on the outside* in these overalls, but I *feel right on the inside*. There's daddy now waiting for us. I guess his Priesthood meeting is out." As they joined him on the lawn in front of the chapel steps, David continued, "I'll show you where to sit," and he took a hand of each.

"Remember to go home with daddy, won't you, son, for I have a meeting after Sunday School, but it won't be too long."

When they were singing the opening song, "Count Your Blessings," and reached the words, "See what God hath done," David, sitting on the stand, saw Ronnie enter wearing the trousers he had given him. He looked at his mother a few feet

in front of him in the audience and from his eyes flashed triumphant assurance as he smiled sweetly.

A little later as she sat listening to him giving the talk he had prepared *all by himself*, telling in simple child-language how Heavenly Father had made the earth with the sun for the day and the moon and stars for the night; the hills to climb; the meadows where the little lambs and colts and calves could play; the flowers to make the air smell good and the world beautiful; the rivers to wade in and to water the land; the wheat to grow for our bread. . . . and that all he asks is for us to love him and do as he tells us . . . she offered up a prayer that she would never let appearance or false pride keep her from seeing the needs of her own or the soul of her son, and others of God's children.

When she returned home after her meeting, David was at the gate to meet her. "Daddy is putting lunch on to please you," was his greeting.

"What a thoughtful daddy!" she answered smiling. "You did very well, David. Your talk was wonderful. And to think you did it all by yourself! I am proud of you."

"Daddy said he is, too. Aren't you glad I wore my overalls and went?" Without pausing for his mother to answer, he went on, "Miss Clifford said we should wear our best clothes to enter Heavenly Father's house, but it was all right to wear overalls in *an emergency*. I knew it was all right to wear them last night, but *I knew it even more* when we were singing and I saw Ronnie come in."

"Darling," Mrs. Anson said, as she kissed his upturned, radiant face, "You are a precious blessing God has given me. Now let's go in and thank daddy for trying to please us."

Hand in hand, the two went into the house to greet a smiling father who stood in the doorway, his arms open to receive them.

A Son Receives His Diploma

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

How tall he is, oh, suddenly how tall—
The little paper boy, the chubby scout
Who tracked mud on my floor, whose breathless call
Came afternoons to tell me school was out.
Is it the cap and gown which make him seem
So newly strange, his face grown quiet, grave—
Whose grin and freckles were the winning team
Which won the weighed consent my answers gave?
Is it the cap and gown or something more
That stirs the roots of sadness in my breast,
That brings a pride I had not known before
While "Land of Hope and Glory" at its best
Rings out in ageless song? This marching minute
Now claims my son's strong hand—and my heart in it.

You Can Sew—IV. Seams and Seam Finishes

Jean Ridges Jennings

A seam is the means of joining two pieces of fabric. It is by the use of seams that most of our garments hang together. We also obtain many interesting lines, shapings, and trimmings with seams.

Because they seem so easy to do, let's not take them too much for granted and neglect some of the little things that contribute to good seams.

Before stitching any seams, test the machine stitch and tension on a sample piece of the fabric you are using. The correct size of needle and thread is always important for good machine stitching. Too heavy thread makes a stiff seam. Thread which is too fine will not hold.

Seams must be stitched accurately and with perfect tension. Never use a needle that is blunt or bent. Be sure the bobbin is evenly wound and that bobbin thread and top thread are the same.

The plain seam may be called the basic seam. With one or another of its variety of finishes, it may be used on nearly every type of fabric or garment. The seam finish you choose will be governed by the perfection of finish you want, the amount of time at your disposal, and the strain to which the seam will be subjected, both in wearing and laundering.

Seam finishes are used chiefly to prevent raveling, but they have other functions, too: to improve the inside appearance of a garment; to cover raw edges that are uncomfortable next to the skin; in sheer garments, to make the seam allowance inconspicuous from the right side.

The plain seam is made by laying two edges together, one over the other, with right sides of the material facing each other. Pin or baste along the seam line, then stitch. After pins or bastings are removed, press the seam open. Finish the seam edges according to the following instructions, using the method best suited to the fabric:

1. *Pinked Seam*—Good for fabrics which do not fray easily. Trim a plain seam with pinking shears, being careful just to nick the edge in order to preserve the full seam allowance.

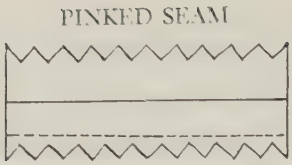
On heavy fabrics which have some tendency to fray, pink and then machine stitch close to the pinked edge.

2. *Overcast Seam*—Stronger than the pinked seam; useful for finishing all kinds of edges, especially when fabrics are too heavy for other finish. Zig-zag sewing machine stitching over the edge makes a fine, firm finish. When done by hand, trim the edge and finish with slanting stitches over the cut edges about ¼ inch apart. Seams at armhole and waistline are overcast together.

3. *Turned and Stitched Seam*—A very serviceable and durable seam for light or medium-weight materials that fray. Turn under the raw edge of seams ⅛-inch and stitch evenly close to the fold.

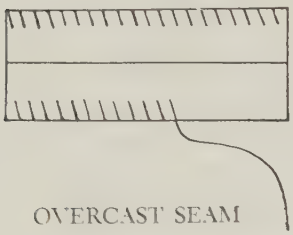
4. *Bound Seam*—Recommended for unlined coats, jackets, or robes. Press a fold slightly to one side of the center of rayon seam tape and baste over raw edges of seams. Have wider side underneath. Stitch close to edge of binding. One stitching catches top and bottom.

5. *Hemmed Felled Seam*—Used as a finish for light-weight fabrics, such as

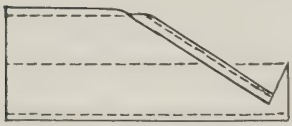


PINKED SEAM

PINKED AND STITCHED SEAM

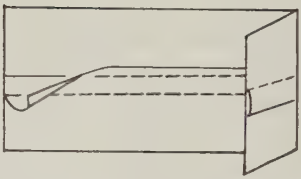


OVERCAST SEAM

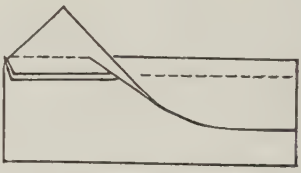


TURNED AND STITCHED SEAM

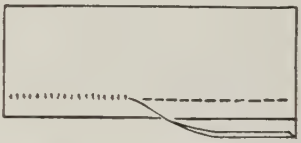
BOUND SEAM



FLAT FELLED SEAM



FRENCH SEAM



HEMMED FELLED SEAM

nainsook, batiste, and organdie. This is very good to finish seams at waistlines, yokes, and tops of ruffles. One edge of the seam is trimmed narrow. The other edge is turned down and folded over to meet the line of stitching. Hem down by hand.

In addition to the above basic seam finishes, mention should be made of two special purpose seams which are extensively used where a stronger, more durable, method is needed. Such garments as children's clothes, undergarments, and active sportswear are subjected to added strains in wearing and constant laundering. For these a plain seam is usually not adequate. The following two seams will serve many useful purposes:

1. *French Seam*—A seam within a seam, especiall adapted for long straight seams on sheer or light-weight fabrics that need frequent launderings, such as lingerie, baby clothes, and girls' dresses.

First, make a plain seam on the right side, with wrong sides together, taking less than ½ of the seam allowance. Trim raw edges evenly. Press well and turn, bringing right sides of material together. Crease on the line of previous stitching. Press and stitch again beyond the raw encased edges. The more sheer the fabric being used, the narrower the seam should be.

2. *Flat Felled Seam*—A strong tailored seam for play and sport clothes, men's shirts and pajamas, and women's tailored blouses.

Pin or baste seam from the right side

and stitch. Press to one side. Trim away underneath to within ¼ inch or the same line. Turn other edge under ¼ inch and pin flat so that raw edge is covered. Stitch. Take care to have the two rows of stitching always an even distance apart.

In addition to these functional seams, there are numerous variations which come in the class of decorative seams. Space does not permit a discussion of these, but we suggest that home sewers become acquainted with them in the pages of a good sewing manual.

My House

Vesta Ball Ward

I love my house
And the work it gives to me,
The dear tasks of bringing
Ordered dignity to room and hall
Where the shadow and the whisper
Of my loved ones dwell.

I love the banishing of dust,
The corners square and clean,
The windows clear
As the promise of my future days.

I love the small task
Of mending tears and rips,
Seeing again the joy,
Hearing the swift shout and rush
Of happy, running feet.

I love the clothes clean and sweet again,
Smelling of the sun and wind,
Folded in quiet order to await
More joyous play.

I love my dishes stacked neatly row on row,
Order marching gleaming from the
Chaos of the morning meal—
Sitting solemnly, waiting for the
Renewed communal pleasure
They soon will bring again.

I love my house
And all the work it gives to me
That my soul might grow
With discipline and tempered grace.

Lucinda B. Blair Makes Stoles in the Star Stitch

LUCINDA Brower Bair of Richmond, Utah, has made more than fifty beautiful woolen stoles in the star stitch. She is able to do this exquisite handwork, at the age of eighty-nine without the use of glasses. The wool yarn which she uses has a rayon thread running through it to give the finished stoles a lustrous accent. The stoles are made both in white and in colors. Mrs. Bair has also made many quilts and excels in various types of handwork. She has been a Relief Society teacher for twenty-five years and throughout her long life she has faithfully served the sick and needy in her community. She is the mother of eleven children, seven of whom are living. Her grandchildren number forty-one, and her great-grandchildren sixty-six. She has two great-great-grandchildren.

Blueprint

Pansye H. Powell

Who works with love will build a house of stone,
Footed on solid rock and sturdy beamed,
Will find the plan his love has patterned grown
Lovelier far than he has ever dreamed.

Elizabeth's Children

Olive W. Burt

Chapter 6

Synopsis: Carol Wilson, an artist on the staff of a magazine edited by Brent Gibson, went to a ranch in Wyoming to attend the funeral of her sister Elizabeth. She felt a deep sympathy for the motherless children, and later, after her return to her work, she decided to return to the children. However, she found them well cared for. Fred, Carol's brother-in-law, had become interested in a kindly neighbor, Dolly Graham, and Dolly's brother Tony declared his love for Carol. Brent Gibson telephoned, asking Carol to return to the city to make the illustrations for a serial story. After this work was completed, Carol went back to Wyoming for a vacation.

"OH, how good it is to be back!" Carol cried ecstatically, throwing her arms wide and lifting her face to the serene majesty of the Tetons.

Tony Muir's bright, clear young laughter rang out happily. "This is where you belong, Carol. Those who love the mountains should never leave them."

"Oh, I don't know, Tony!" Carol expostulated. "I love my city, too. I come here and am renewed, but if I lived here always, then where would I go for that renewal?"

"You wouldn't need it, then, believe me!" Tony assured her.

Carol felt argumentative. "The ideal life — for me at any rate — would be to live *both* places." A sudden light broke across her face. "That's it, Tony! I never thought it out before — never even planned to say it. It just came — but it's just right."

"I don't agree," Tony said doggedly. "You let me manage your days for awhile — really show you these mountains as I know them. You'll never want to leave — you'll never want to let those pretty little feet touch hot city pavement again."

He manipulated the big convertible deftly into Fred's yard, and the children came whooping.

"Aunt Carol! Aunt Carol!"

The little girls flung their arms about her and held up their faces for kisses. Steve stood back a little, but his face was bright with happiness.

Carol felt the warmth of their love. She gathered them close. "Are you glad to see me?" she whispered.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Carol! We've got so many things to show you!"

They went across the porch and into the big living room, a close little knot, laughing gaily. Dolly Graham was waiting in the open door, smiling a welcome.

"Fred had to go down to the lower field, Carol. Something happened to one of the horses. But he'll be back soon."

Carol smiled. "It's so good to be here!" She crossed to Mrs. Trent and bent over the invalid. "You look wonderful, Mrs. Trent, and Tony tells me you're much better."

"I am, Carol. Since Dolly's been here I've seemed to pick up wonderfully. Oh, I can't get about yet, but I don't suffer so much."

"That's what happiness does! And you are happier now, aren't you?"

"I think we all are," Mrs. Trent said, and sent a grateful smile toward Dolly Graham.

"COME, Aunt Carol," Kathy tugged at her aunt's arm. "Let me show you! We've fixed up the guest room special."

"Let me show! Let me show!" Trudy shouted, scrambling ahead.

"Of course! And you, too, Becky. And Steve!" Carol laughed. "All of you come and show me. I'll bet each one can find something special."

They went gaily up the stairs and into the narrow room Carol remembered so well. But it was different now. The small dormer window at the end, by which she had crouched to get a peek at her beloved mountains, was gone. Now the whole end of the room was one big window, framing the Grand Teton and its satellites. She caught her hand to her heart and a little cry of delight escaped her lips.

"Do you like it, Carol?"

Tony Muir had come upstairs behind them, and now he stood looking over Carol's shoulder at the magnificent view.

"I love it! Oh, Tony!" She put her arm around Kathy, standing beside her, and gave the little girl a quick squeeze. "Kathy, darling! It's wonderful! And you did it for me?"

Kathy turned a shining face up to her aunt's. "Tony told Daddy to do it. Tony said you ought to have a good view of the mountains and not just a little peek at them out of that old window."

Carol turned to the man. "You and your sister think of the loveliest things!"

Tony grinned. "I think so, too," he said complacently, and then chuckled.

"Roses on your bedspread, Aunt Carol," Trudy chanted.

"Yes, darling. Lovely!"

"I painted the picture, Aunt Carol," Becky announced proudly.

"But I painted the chair!" Steve bragged.

"It's all perfect — absolutely perfect!" Carol cried.

"Tony said if everything was just right, you might stay a long, long, time," Kathy volunteered.

Carol's smile was tremulous. How had she ever doubted their deep and abiding love for her? But welcome as she was, loved as she was, she was a guest in this house and could not stay a long, long time.

"We'll see, darling. I'll stay as long as I possibly can."

Carol didn't have to wait for Fred's return to know how things had progressed between him and Dolly Graham. She didn't need to see how his look softened whenever his eyes fell on the woman. She didn't have to hear how his voice grew tender when he spoke to her. No, before Fred came back to the house, Carol knew. For Dolly Graham was right at home in Fred's house; she knew where everything was; and Mrs. Cartwright came to her for orders. Even Mrs. Trent and the children turned to Dolly Graham for the answer to every question from what petticoat should Trudy wear to what Grandma Trent should eat.

AFTER supper that evening, after Carol had tucked the children in bed and told them a story, Tony

suggested that she go for a ride with him.

"The moon should be gorgeous tonight, Carol. I want you to see it come up over Signal Mountain."

As they drove along toward the vantage point Tony had selected, he began, casually enough, "You've seen how it is between Fred and Dolly, Carol. I don't know whether he's formally asked her to marry him — I think not, or she would have told me. But he soon will. And it's going to be wonderful for both of them — and for the children, too. The kids adore Dolly and she adores them. It will give their home a permanence Fred could never achieve alone — even with the help of his mother and that excellent housekeeper."

Carol smiled at her companion. "You don't need to beat the drums, Tony. I'm as glad as can be. If there's one thing I want for Elizabeth's children, it is a real home, with a mother and father in it to give them that emotional security that children need. I couldn't hope for anyone better than your sister."

"I'm glad, Carol. Sometimes relatives — especially when they are as close as you are to the children — well, you know, they can be jealous of the love and authority bestowed on another."

"Jealous?" Carol picked up the word. "Oh, Tony, I'd be wicked to be jealous of the good life your sister can give them."

"Well, I'm glad," he repeated lamely. Then, "Here we are — and just in time."

He swung the car around so they were facing east, facing the low dome of Signal Mountain, silhouetted against a sky bright with the pale radiance of the rising moon behind it. As they watched, the great yellow disc came slowly, majestically into sight.

Carol was speechless with enchantment as she watched the moon sail free of the mountain top, to shed its light across the narrow valley. Instinctively she turned to look westward toward the craggy peak of the Grand Teton, a soft gray under the moon, its hollows filled with snow that seemed to be a muted blue-white. It was a breathtaking sight, and Carol's artist-soul was hushed in reverent awe.

After awhile, when the moon was sailing high above the valley, Tony turned the car homeward. Carol was still held in the spell of what she had just witnessed, and Tony seemed to understand her mood. He drove back in silence. But as he bade her goodnight, he said gently, "This is just a beginning, Carol. I have many other beautiful sights to show you. We'll enjoy them together, you and I!"

TONY was as good as his word. He was forever planning something special, something to amuse and delight Carol. There were boating and fishing on the lake; there were horseback excursions into the mountains; there were picnics along the wooded river bank; and there were gay trips into the village for Church, or for a show.

They did not often go alone together. Nearly always there were the children and frequently Fred and Dolly, and sometimes Mrs. Trent. For it was summertime, a time for family picnics, and it would have been unthinkable to ride away and leave the others sitting at home.

But somehow, in spite of the jolly crowd around them, Tony managed always to make it seem that the adventure was planned for her, alone, and that she and Tony were enjoying it in a togetherness that no companions could invade.

Carol was conscious of this effect and felt that she should be proud and happy that Tony was making such an effort to captivate her. But for some obstinate, yet scarcely realized reason, Carol was not quite captivated. It was as if Tony was host at a perpetual picnic. You can't build a permanent relationship on a holiday base — you can't judge what life is like from a picnic, she told herself. Maybe, if Tony would just forget about me and go home and tend to his sister's ranch, and give me a chance to look at this thing objectively, it might be different!

But he can't! she admitted ruefully. He is too young, too eager! And she remembered what Brent Gibson had said about a young man's ardor.

The next time Tony came to round them all up for a picnic, Carol said firmly, "Come here, Tony. I want to show you something."

She led him to the end of the porch and pointed off across the valley to the Grand Teton. "Look at the light on my favorite mountain! I've never seen it quite like it is today, and I want to try to get that effect down while it's there. So I'm not going on any picnic today. I'm going to stay here and paint."

"But the kids!" Tony expostulated. "They've planned on this!"

His sister spoke up. "There's no need to disappoint the children, Tony. . . ."

"I'm not going to take them without Carol!" Tony said petulantly.

"I wasn't thinking of that, but Fred has to see a man over at the Diamond G Ranch, and I was going with him. We can take the station wagon and the children, and have our picnic out at Brooks Lake — they've never been there. They'll enjoy it, I'm sure."

"Well, I guess I might as well go home and do some work, then," Tony's grumbling was softened by his cheerful voice. "If Carol would rather paint than have a picnic with me. . . ."

"You know it's my life, Tony!"

"But I've been trying so hard to change your life! But I suppose I have been selfish — never giving you a moment to yourself. Listen, Sis," he turned to Dolly, "if you and Fred will take the children, I'll get back to the ranch and see if Luke can find something for me to boss."

"We'll take the children, Tony."

CAROL was aware that Dolly had made the decision without even consulting Fred. Even Elizabeth wouldn't have done that, but it was none of Carol's affair.

Dolly called to the children, "Get your things, children! Your father will be here any minute now."

Becky, the quiet one, the one who painted a picture for Carol's room, came and stood hesitatingly beside her aunt. Carol bent and put an arm about the child.

"What is it, Becky?"

"Could I stay with you, Aunt Carol? Maybe I could paint the mountain, too."

"Of course, darling. I'd love to

have you with me. Come along, I'll fix you up a little easel and we'll take your little camp stool — you and I, honey, are going to have ourselves a real day of it!"

An hour later, Carol and Becky were sitting side by side, facing the Grand Teton, both silent and intent on their work. Sometimes Carol cast an eye on the little girl's work, but she offered no suggestions. Not at this time, when the child was actually creating. Later, she'd have to give Becky some instruction — she seemed to have talent. And Carol looked with new fondness and appreciation at this child who was so often almost lost between her older sister and the adorable Trudy.

They were so intent on their work, the two of them, that they did not hear someone approaching. It was only when a shadow fell across Carol's easel that she looked up.

An involuntary cry of happiness escaped her. "Brent!"

Instinctively she rose, and he came close, taking her shoulders between his hands as he did in the office when he wanted to stress some instructions.

"Hello, Carol! Yes, I decided to take your advice and come up here for my vacation." Then he went on soberly, "I might as well tell the whole truth. I got to thinking that I was a mighty poor sort to leave the field to that handsome youngster, without even a struggle!"

Carol felt a wild desire to laugh and clap her hands. Instead she said, "Well, I'd about decided that you didn't care much if you did lose your chief artist."

"But now you see that I do care. And I'm here to fight for her." His voice was light, but his eyes were serious. Then he turned to Becky, smiling down at the child's splashed painting. "But I see that even up here, you have competition."

"This is Becky, Elizabeth's third — and a budding artist as you've seen. Becky, this is Mr. Gibson."

"Uncle Brent to you, honey," he said, and squinted at her work. Becky watched him, waiting for his verdict.

"Will you give me a job when I am as big as Aunt Carol?" she asked.

"If you want it, I certainly will. But maybe we won't have to wait that long. How much are you asking for that portrait of the Grand Teton?"

Becky's eyes flew wide. "Would you *buy* it?" she gasped.

"I'd like to, if it's for sale. I'll frame it and hang it in my office where I can look at it every day and think of Miss Becky Trent, the artist. Would you consider five dollars?"

Becky's clear brown eyes went from the man to her aunt, eager, questioning. Carol nodded, smiling.

"Oh, yes!" Becky cried ecstatically. "Oh, yes, Uncle Brent. But it isn't quite finished yet."

"Well, I'll pay you now because I don't want to lose it. And you can finish it before you deliver it to me."

He took his wallet from his pocket, extracted a five dollar bill, and handed the money to the little girl.

She turned it over and over in her fingers, a happy, reflective smile on her lips. Then she lifted her face. "Oh, thank you, Heavenly Father!" she cried.

(To be continued)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

Photograph submitted by Ludean H. Cox

SOUTH SANPETE STAKE (UTAH), MANTI SOUTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR SEVEN CONSECUTIVE YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: LeOra McArthur; May Livingston; Mina Anderson, Second Counselor; Lucile Carpenter, President; Iris Anderson, First Counselor; Elva Christiansen.

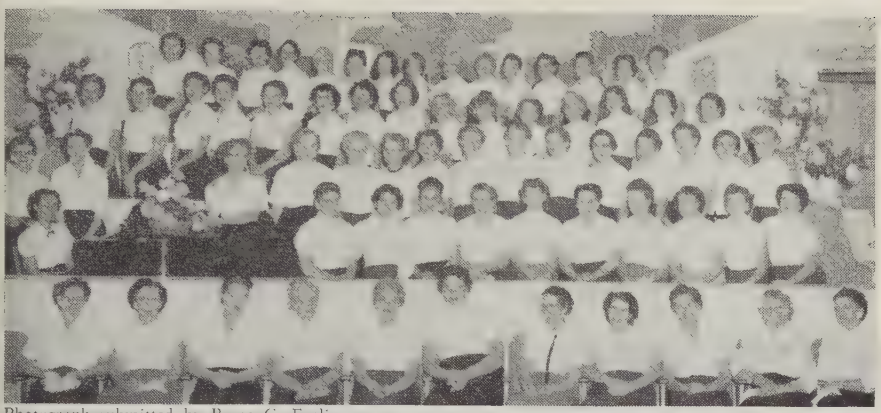
Second row, seated, left to right: Lora Peterson; Mamie Reid; Azua Whiting; Bertha Carlson; Lillian Frandson; Olive Braithwaite; Alfreda Nielson; Bernice Anderson, Secretary; Gladys Jones; Doris Childs.

Third row, standing, left to right: Miranda Madsen; Bertha Carpenter; Emerett Munk; Eunice Garbe, former president; Vangie Madsen; Laura Smith; Petra Anderson.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Sarah Anderson; Evelyn Wintch; Ruth Cheek; Violet Madsen; Alta Nielson.

The following visiting teachers were not present when the picture was taken: Almeda Sorenson; Lenore Denison; LaRue Sterner; Vera Jensen; Aileen Vorhees; Zina Henrie; Ruby Nielson; Elta Alder; Maranda Buchanan; Bertha Peterson; Ruth Magleby; Joanne Stringham.

Ludean H. Cox is president of South Sanpete Stake Relief Society.

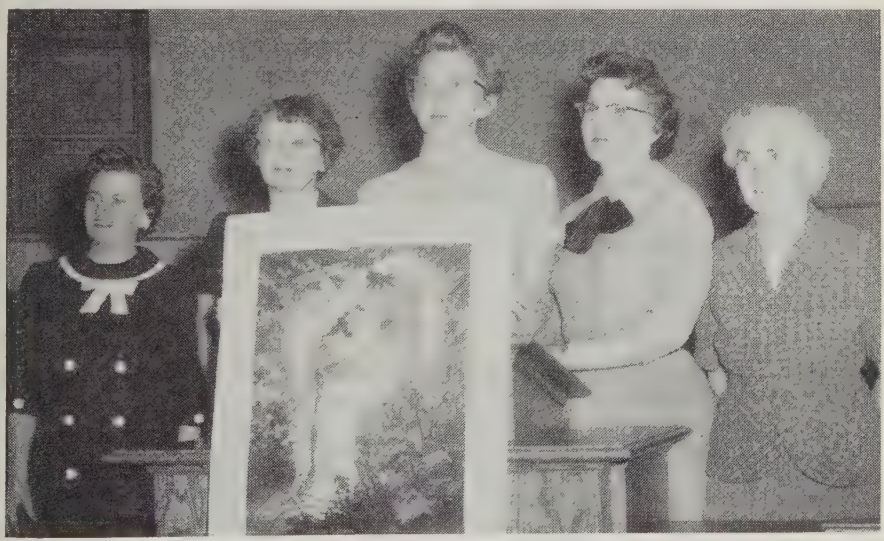


Photograph submitted by Roma C. Esplin

ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Doris Webb, accompanist, is seated at the piano; May A. Pace, chorister, stands at the left in the third row; Roma C. Esplin, President, St. George Stake Relief Society, is standing next to Sister Pace in the third row; Alta V. McConkie, First Counselor stands in the fifth row, fourth from the right; Phoebe L. Esplin, Second Counselor, stands in the fifth row, fourth from the left.

Roma C. Esplin reports: "We have an outstanding group who have been very faithful at all our practices. For the past two years we have furnished the music for two of our stake quarterly conference, as well as for our special programs."



Photograph submitted by Betty Jo C. Reiser

ROSE PARK STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION

Left to right: Margaret P. Tomlinson, who spoke on "Teaching Light"; Helen M. Ayrton, who discussed "The Long Way That Each Must Tread Alone"; Verda Mae F. Christensen, who spoke on "From Home to Home"; Ora T. Liston, who spoke on "My Steps Aright"; Elizabeth B. Reiser, guest speaker.

Using an adaptation of William Cullen Bryant's poem "To a Waterfall," Rose Park Stake Relief Society keynoted its annual visiting teachers convention with the theme "My Steps Aright."

The picture "Christ at Heart's Door" was placed at a focal point of interest at the pulpit. Guest speaker for the evening was Elizabeth B. Reiser, former president of the British Mission Relief Society.

In addition to some 250 visiting teachers, several members of ward bishoprics and all of the Rose Park Stake Presidency were in attendance. Invitations, table decorations, and favors also carried out the theme. The convention was a spiritual feast and has done much to improve the quality and spirituality of visiting teaching in Rose Park Stake.

Betty Jo C. Reiser is president of Rose Park Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth W. Winn

BAKERSFIELD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), TAFT WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MODEL OF GLOBE THEATER

The picture shows Evelyn P. Brown, literature class leader of the Taft Ward Relief Society, with her model of the Globe Theater of Shakespeare's time. The model was made by Brother Harvey Booth and Brother George Booth in detail according to the likeness of the old Globe Theater where Shakespeare's plays were produced.

Sister Roberta Booth, a member of the Taft Ward Relief Society, dresses dolls in authentic costumes to represent characters of each of Shakespeare's plays as they are given by Sister Brown. The photograph shows dolls representing Hamlet and his mother, Queen Gertrude. There are draperies and brocaded wall tapestries in the balconies, and the sign of the Zodiac is on the stage ceiling.

In giving these programs, the material as outlined by Elder Briant S. Jacobs has been used, and class members of the Taft Ward Relief Society have participated.

The theater is now on display at the Taft Union High School for students studying Shakespeare.

Elizabeth W. Winn is president of Bakersfield Stake Relief Society.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Teaching Aids for the 1958-59 Lessons

Mary R. Young

Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE best teacher can be infinitely better when visual aids are used adequately. Only as these aids serve definite purposes, however, are they of teaching value. To aid means to help or assist in clarifying a point, to stimulate thinking, to emphasize or forward lesson objectives.

The General Board feels that these teaching aids should be simple, brief, and to the point, that our Relief Society class leaders need not go into them and prepare them from a technical or professional angle, because they could be very expensive and could consume a great deal of time with that type of preparation. However, it should be kept in mind that if lessons are to be understood and remembered, good, simple teaching aids can be very helpful and valuable to a teacher in accomplishing her purpose, if carefully selected and suitable for Relief Society.

The exchange of ideas for visual aids and a discussion of their use and value can be taken up in the union meeting departments. Each aid has something it can do "best," and helps most when used accordingly.

Theology

The blackboard may be used to good advantage in our study of The Doctrine and Covenants. To emphasize points to stress in the lessons, to aid in remembering, references from The Doctrine and Covenants and The Book of Mormon could be listed, so members could refer to their books as these teachings are given in Lesson 13.

Flash cards could be used to bring effectively to mind a review of the course objective. You might sketch on a chart or blackboard, scales showing wisdom outweighing riches, for Lesson 9. Requisites and blessings could be charted or listed as you study Lesson 10.

Appropriate pictures for these lessons would be: The Last Supper and one of Emma Smith. Pictures make lessons more meaningful. They help us visualize places, individuals, and situations not familiar to us. They crystallize ideas and form a basis for understanding together.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Again we suggest the use of the blackboard or a chart to write:

The scriptural quotation
The objective
The points to stress

For the chart a large piece of butcher paper could be used. Print with colored crayon or use felt point pen and India ink.

Work Meeting

Posters or charts are valuable to work meeting leaders in creating interest, focusing attention, and informing members of the activities of the next work meeting. The Home Management discussions for 1958-59 are entitled "Managing a Home." The aspects of family living which are involved in the administration of a home might be listed. Make your chalk talk; use it to depict action (as stick figures) to emphasize certain phases of the course.

Literature

Class leaders will find a number of visual aids suitable and of value for our new course, America's Literature—Meet The New World. A chart (inside front cover of text, *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes), which relates the social - political events in America to the life-dates of outstanding writers, will be helpful. A chalk board outline of great ideas or historical events may be used. A map would be especially useful to show places, distances, and to help visualize problems in the early colonization of this country. Just a simple map or outline of the Eastern coastline could be used. With the use of a ruler, a small map can be enlarged to any size.

Pictures in magazines that could be used are:

Life, "A New Landing at Jamestown," May 27, 1957.
National Geographic Magazine, May 1957, "Captain John Smith of Virginia," and November 1957, "The Mayflower."

A special visual aids packet for this new course will be available. It consists of a map and from ten to twelve pictures in color—artists' reproductions made especially for this packet. The pictures will illustrate the first year's lessons; the map will serve for several years. This packet is made especially for the Relief Society by the Brigham Young University and the packet can be obtained directly from Brigham Young University, Audio-Visual Center, Provo, Utah. The packet will be available September 1, 1958. The price is $5.

This visual aid project seemed necessary, since so few pictures are available for the first century of American colonization. However, the purchase of this packet by ward and stake Relief Societies is optional.

Social Science

Charts or blackboard listings will add interest and stimulate thinking for these lessons, which are prepared to aid and encourage happy, righteous family living.

Drop or flip charts will be especially helpful in focusing attention on one point at a time in developing a subject. In Lesson 17, two flip charts might be used, one listing "Causes of Delinquency" and the other "What To Do About It."

These can be made easily by using stencils and tape.

A useful visual aid for Lesson 21—"How Do I Rate?" will be found in the social science lesson itself for May 1959 to be published in February 1959.

Magazine Representatives and Secretaries

These leaders could make use of posters or charts to stimulate interest in their work, to clarify or put across an idea in one fleeting glance, or to introduce or present information in a tabulated or methodical form.

Music

Leaders will find material in the text, *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall, which can be used as visual aids in their departments. Flash cards may be used before the group to give a brief message, or they may be used for emphasis regarding individual responsibilities.

Lesson previews appear far enough in advance of the time the lessons are presented to acquaint teachers with the year's course of study, so that they may be alert to collect pictures, articles, and various aids which will enrich their lessons.

Class leaders are expected to use suggestions which have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* in previous years, and to plan visual aids to fit their particular situations in keeping with the standards of Relief Society.

Layton, Leone G.: "The Value and Use of Audio-Visual Aids in Relief Society," January 1953, page 27.

Layton, Leone G.: "Suggestions on Teaching Aids for 1953-54 Lessons," June 1953, page 418.

Elliott, Edith S.: "Teaching Aids for 1954-55 Lessons," June 1954, page 400.

Eyring, Mildred B.: "Teaching and Teaching Aids for the 1955-56 Lessons," June 1955, page 403.

Eyring, Mildred B.: "Audio-Visual Aids for 1956-57," July 1956, page 475.

Young, Mary R.: "Teaching Aids for the 1957-58 Lessons," June 1957, page 398.

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1958-59

Elder Roy W. Doxey

THERE were some suggestions made in the preview of last year's lessons that will continue to be applicable each year we study The Doctrine and Covenants. We hope that the five points quoted below from that preview will continue to be fully noted for application.

To us living in the year 1957, the Lord has provided in his book of revelations: (1) the counsel of our all-wise Father whose object is to bring joy into the lives of his children today by their following instructions given to individuals, groups of persons, and the Church over a century ago; (2) a knowledge of how to live in this present world of uncertainty and insecurity; (3) the meaning of world conditions and events; (4) a philosophy of life that enables one to see God's justice and purposes for mankind;

(5) a spirit of conversion to the truth-seeker which bears witness that Jesus is the Christ and of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith (*The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1957, page 403).

These same purposes are found in the revelations outlined for study this year. There have been included some revelations which were omitted from the chronological sequence studied last year. Sections 7, 11, 15, and 16 are in this group. The revelations studied to the present have been preparatory to the organization of the Church. The lessons in this series are divided almost equally between that period and the post-Church organization period.

From the beginning, the Lord revealed the blessings which would follow adherence to the principles of righteousness. The first lesson for this year is written principally from one verse of Section 11. This verse sets before us the great reward offered the sons and daughters of God if they are obedient to his word. In preparation for that lesson, it is suggested that every member of the Relief Society memorize this important truth:

> Seek not for riches but for wisdom; and, behold, the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich (D & C 11:7).

There is considerable satisfaction in memorizing some of the great truths from the scriptures, especially when they give encouragement and faith to carry on in the only true way of life.

Many persons came to the Prophet Joseph Smith seeking answers to questions. One of the most common questions raised at this early period seemed to concern the desires held by those persons. The prophets have said much about this subject. The lesson about the desire of the people to serve in the Gospel Plan is an attempt to answer a number of questions where the desires of people affect their salvation. We are also to learn about the importance of missionary work, and why we are of great worth in the sight of the Lord. An important revelation on doctrine provides us with a reason why the Lord declared to Joseph Smith that the creeds of men were an abomination in his sight.

With Lesson 13 and the remaining lessons for this year, emphasis is placed upon basic instructions regarding Church organization and its successful functioning as the kingdom of God. Additional important gospel teachings are set forth; the opportunities and privileges of Church membership are made known; the importance of the sacrament is indicated; and the final lesson deals with items of counsel to the Relief Society, together with a discussion of the callings received by Emma Smith.

The sections omitted from the chronological sequence in this new series are numbers 23 and 24. The lessons for 1958-59 have been given the following titles and objectives:

Lesson 9—". . . *Behold, He That Hath Eternal Life Is Rich*" (D & C 11:7). (D & C, Sections 11:7; 14)

> Objective: "And, if you keep my commandments and endure to the end you shall have eternal life, which gift is the greatest of all the gifts of God" (D & C 14:7).

Lesson 10—*The Desire to Serve in the Gospel Plan* (D & C, Sections 7 and 11)

Objective: "If you will live for the blessings you desire, you will obtain them" (Joseph Smith, Sr. to Brigham Young).

Lesson 11—*The Worth of Souls* (D & C, Sections 15, 16, and 18)

Objective: "Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God" (D & C 18:10).

Lesson 12—*A Message From Him Who Is Eternal* (D & C, Section 19)

Objective: To indicate that by modern revelation the Lord has leavened the religious world.

Lesson 13—*The Church Organized in the Last Dispensation* (D & C, Sections 20:1-36; 21)

Objective: To emphasize the preparations made for the formal organizing of the Church and to indicate a relationship between the teachings of The Doctrine and Covenants and The Book of Mormon.

Lesson 14—*The Responsibilities of the Members of the Church* (D & C, Section 22; 20:37-84; 26)

Objective: To set forth Priesthood responsibilities that mothers might teach their children.

Lesson 15—*The Sacrament* (D & C, Section 27:1-4; 20:75-79)

Objective: To emphasize the reason for partaking of the sacrament, and of the necessity to be worthy to receive it.

Lesson 16—*The Revelation to Emma Hale Smith* (D & C, Section 25)

Objective: "And verily I say unto thee that thou shalt lay aside the things of this world, and seek for the things of a better" (D & C 25:10).

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1958-59

Christine H. Robinson

EACH generation is faced with its own problems and with the need for making its own special decisions. The present generation, with the complexities of modern life, must make unusually important decisions. Today's world is filled with uncertainties. Conflicting ideologies and advances in scientific fields have brought new problems and new responsibilities to the individual. In order to solve these modern-day problems effectively, and to shoulder these new responsibilities, each individual must have a deep-rooted faith in the divinity of our Lord and Savior and in his plan of salvation. In order to live a happy and useful life each individual must have an appreciation for the spiritual values of life.

The 1958-59 visiting teacher messages, "Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants," provide solid source foundations on which to base the solutions to many present-day problems. These modern-day messages give counsel, and ad-

vice, and encouragement, and, as instructions from The Doctrine and Covenants, come directly from our Father in heaven — the source of all wisdom.

This year's messages provide fundamental counsel on the importace of prayer. They counsel us to keep always a prayer in our hearts and thus enjoy spiritual strength, comfort, and courage. These messages point out that affliction, which can come to any of us, actually can bring us closer to the Lord. These messages admonish us to "beware of pride" lest it become a tool of temptation in Satan's hands. We are reminded to search our souls and make sure we do not seek to counsel the Lord. The messages tell us what we must do, if we would merit mighty blessings from our Father in heaven. They give us the simple but effective formula for gaining one of the Lord's choicest blessings, peace within our souls.

These "Truths to Live By" point the way to a happy, more abundant life. They emphasize the fact that happiness is not dependent upon wealth or worldly success — nor upon the accomplishment of great deeds — but, rather, upon simple, everyday kindnesses and small personal victories — virtues which lie within the reach of each and every one of us.

By applying the truths in these messages to our lives, our faith in the inspired word of the Lord should increase and we should develop firm and lasting testimonies of his divinity. These messages should impress us with the love and concern of our Father in heaven for us his children, and, through this realization, we should strive to live in accordance with his teachings.

This year, as in the previous year, the material used to highlight the messages is of a practical nature aimed at helping each sister visualize how the message can be applied to her individual life. Each message contains a true life incident illustrating how the message has influenced others and, thereby, by personal application, how it may influence us.

The messages and their objectives for the year 1958-59 are as follows:

Message 9—"Yea, Whosoever Will Thrust in His Sickle and Reap, the Same Is Called of God" (D & C 14:4).

> Objective: To show that both through active Church work and through selfless service to others, we can all help in the Lord's work.

Message 10—"Remember the Worth of Souls Is Great in the Sight of God" (D & C 18:10).

> Objective: To show the importance of saving souls.

Message 11—". . . I Will Bless All Those Who Labor in My Vineyard With a Mighty Blessing . . ." (D & C 21:9).

> Objective: To show how we can labor in the Lord's vineyard and qualify for a mighty blessing.

Message 12—"Learn of Me, and Listen to My Words; Walk in the Meekness of My Spirit, and You Shall Have Peace in Me" (D & C 19:23).

> Objective: To show that the only sure way to have peace within one's soul is through learning and keeping God's teachings.

Message 13—". . . Seek Not to Counsel Your God" (D & C 22:4).

Objective: To emphasize the importance of seeking the Lord's counsel in faith and meekness.

Message 14—". . . Beware of Pride, Lest Thou Shouldst Enter Into Temptation" (D & C 23:1).

Objective: To show that Satan uses pride to tempt us and that "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall" (Prov. 16:18).

Message 15—"Pray Always, and I Will Pour Out My Spirit Upon You, and Great Shall Be Your Blessing . . ." (D & C 19:38).

Objective: To emphasize the importance of constant, sincere prayer.

Message 16—"Be Patient in Afflictions, for Thou Shalt Have Many; But Endure Them, for, lo, I am With Thee, Even Unto the End of Thy Days" (D & C 24:8).

Objective: To show that afflictions are a normal part of life's experiences and can be the basis of great blessings if we trust in the Lord.

Work Meeting—Managing a Home

Preview of Discussions for 1958-59

Vesta Wright Barnett

SOCIOLOGISTS have recognized for a long time that there is no substitute for a good home in the lives of well-adjusted, happy people. A good "emotional climate" in the home is of prime importance. The well-ordered home provides the "growing ground" to help each member of a family develop into the finest individual possible. We must be aware of the importance of good home management. We must also recognize that home management is a skill that can be acquired, if one is willing to work and study to acquire it.

It has been said that men, women, and children, in any family unit, are not getting a full share of life if only their food, shelter, and clothing needs are satisfied. It is also the homemaker's function to consider in her planning the mental and spiritual well-being of family members.

The home management discussions this year have been planned to show the part good management can play in helping each homemaker meet the physical, as well as the emotional needs of her loved ones; to help her realize the importance of her role as the homemaker; and to assist her in the management of daily family problems, such as money, time, attitudes, ambitions, knowledge, skills, and energy in such a manner as to provide for each family member the greatest possible growth and development.

Titles for the 1958-59 course of discussions are as follows:

Discussion 1. Managing a Home
Discussion 2. Setting Goals in Homemaking
Discussion 3. Managing Responsibilities of the Homemaker

Discussion 4. Qualities of the Effective Home Manager
Discussion 5. Operating the Household
Discussion 6. Making the Most of Time and Energy
Discussion 7. Food Planning and Preparation
Discussion 8. Clothing the Family.

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Crandall, Elizabeth, and Gross, Irma: *Management for Modern Families*, Appleton Century-Crafts, Inc., New York.

Goodyear, Margaret R., and Klohr, Mildren: *Managing for Effective Living*, John Wiley and Sons, Inc., New York.

Nickell, Paulena, and Dorsey, Jean Muir: *Management in Family Living*, John Wiley and Sons, Inc., New York.

Literature—America's Literature—Meet the New World

Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York

Preview of Lessons for 1958-59

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

THROUGH accumulating July 24 celebrations and less formal moments of reminiscence, it has become comfortably easy for Latter-day Saints to speak in revered tones of Latter-day Saint forefathers who came to "the Valley" in 1847 and before the advent of the railroad as *the* pioneers, almost as if there had been no others; almost as if they had originated in a vacuum; as if in predominant measure the truths Latter-day Saints hold most dear had their beginnings with them. While the magnificence of their accomplishment should never for a moment be forgotten nor minimized, neither should their own considerable debts to their forefathers remain unacknowledged or unrespected.

At no time since the Renaissance has modern man lived "by bread alone" or by spirit alone. America's heritage, rich and proud as it is, has achieved its enduring greatness by combining its various values into a pattern complex yet balanced. Nor are America's values only economic or political, imaginative or spiritual: they are all inclusive, and as varied as her people. And the best, the greatest of these endure because they are stated in the "great and marching words" which for centuries have formed the collective heart of the people of the United States. It is these words which, in each generation, become indispensable to all those sincerely seeking to define relationship to the past, that they might grant it honor in their hearts or by their deeds.

From its beginning, American literature has been built of the bone of the age out of which it came. While its aesthetic or imaginative qualities have sometimes been weak, sometimes scarcely present at all, it has never forgotten its responsibility to the society which produced it, not only to mirror the fears and

hopes and beliefs of its age, but to create them.

In studying periods of literature earlier than our own, we can never earn true insight and understanding if our dominant intent is to judge earlier periods by present values, so that we may point out how *different* they were, how *superior* we are. We should, for the moment, forget ourselves—as we strive to think, to feel, to hope as we would have done had we lived in the writer's own age, he being our neighbor.

Finally, American literature is not merely a branch of English literature, to be measured by the achievements of the great English writers or by the degree to which American literature conforms to the workings of the English mind. To say that American literature is only English, is as foolish as to say that citizens of the United States are only American. They are made up of English and many other citizens as well; all transformed into the unique newness which can only be defined as *American*. Actually, a literature can be compared to no other standard but itself, nor be measured by any measure but its own.

As we studied English literature, our reward came when we gradually realized that, being created out of its own world, it was unique. Likewise the world of Shakespeare we found to be unique unto itself, and so it is with American literature. Similar, yes, yet how different. And in that difference lies that genius which is peculiarly America's own. It is this which, through our own creative reading efforts, we will strive to possess, and to gain an insight which, in its depth and splendor, will be its own sustaining reward.

During the first year of this new course, we shall consider the Renaissance, or "great awakening" and its influence in freeing mankind from a dark and medieval world. We shall find that the brave explorers of uncharted lands and seas were inspired by the new knowledge that the world was not small and restricted as conceived by the medieval mind; and that those seeking religious freedom, were moved by that part of the Renaissance tradition which freed man from the dominance of one authoritarian church and led him to think and act for himself. We shall recall the historical events contemporary with and following the Reformation and discuss the religious movements which were the outgrowth of this great religious revolt.

Recalling these facts we shall be reassured that the Reformation and discovery of America were not only significant historical events, but were essential factors in the restoration of the gospel upon the American Continent; that without freedom of thought and action the gospel could not have been restored or lived.

Against this background of discovery and widened horizons of thought, emerge great and interesting men and women whose recorded words constitute the beginnings of America's literature.

Acknowledging an indebtedness to the Old World, we now turn our hearts and our interest to the people of the New World who evolved a literature which was distinctly and unmistakably their own.

The lessons and objectives for the first year are as follows:

Lesson 1—*The American Dream* (Text, pp. 1-4; 33-36)

Objective: To review the roles of adventure, financial gain, and religious freedom in bringing the first explorers and settlers to the shores of what now constitutes the United States.

Lesson 2—*Calvinist, Puritan, Pilgrim* (Text, pp. 4-10; 36-44)

Objective: To relate New England Puritanism to its origins and to its contrasting contemporary beliefs.

Lesson 3—*Roger Williams and the Puritan Theocracy* (Text, pp. 10-11; 45-49)

Objective: To realize that our present-day broad freedoms were first won by Roger Williams as he successfully resisted ecclesiastical controls of conscience.

Lesson 4—*Some Puritan Women* (Text, pp. 11, 53, 54, 55-57)

Objective: Through glimpses into the lives of Puritan women, to acknowledge some of the common bonds which tie them to their sisters, regardless of time.

Lesson 5—*Two Puritan Poets: Wigglesworth and Taylor* (Text, pp. 50-53; 57-60)

Objective: To contrast two different modes of Puritan poetry.

Lesson 6—*The Mather Dynasty* (Text, pp. 12-14; 61-73)

Objective: To become more familiar with the Puritan theocracy as exemplified in three generations of the Mathers.

Lesson 7—*Young Jonathan Edwards* (Text, pp. 83-84)

Objective: To understand Puritanism more fully as revealed in young Jonathan Edwards.

Lesson 8—*Jonathan Edwards, Puritan* (Text, pp. 84-95)

Objective: To see in Jonathan Edwards a harmonizing of various phases of New England Puritanism.

Note: The special teaching aid packet for the literature lessons, being prepared by Brigham Young University, and described on page 400 of this issue of the *Magazine*, will be available September 1, 1958.

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Preview of Lessons for 1958-59

Elder John Farr Larson

There is no substitute for the home. Its foundation is as ancient as the world, and its mission has been ordained of God from the earliest times. . . . From that day to the present, the home has been the chief characteristic of superior over inferior nations. The home then is more than a habitation, it is an institution which stands for stability and love in individuals as well as in nations (Joseph F. Smith: *Gospel Doctrine*, Ninth Edition, page 300).

ALL things established by the Lord have been founded on law and order, and the family is no exception. Family ties begin, operate, and dissolve according to law, both spiritual and temporal. The strength and effectiveness of these ties depend largely on obedience to prescribed laws governing family living. This requires a constant process of education and growth most of which is established and promoted by par-

ents. It has been observed by experts that even small changes in parental attitudes, understanding, and conduct can improve the child's adjustment. Each can complement the other. To mature and "grow up" at proper tempo requires careful training and the kind of discipline which will eventually lead to self-discipline and self-mastery. This includes education in the art of living.

There is a need to restore and keep father in his rightful place as head of the household, with mother as his teammate, assisting and sustaining him. If their efforts appear united to their children and they move *consistently* in the right direction, children will grow in respect, deference, and admiration for their parental influence. They will sense the security of counsel and leadership. When it becomes necessary to apply the parental brake, family ties are sometimes strained. But if satisfactory parent-child relationships have been established from the beginning, youth will accept limitations, knowing they exist for a wise and protective purpose. It is often too late to begin to establish this relationship after children find themselves in serious trouble because of lack of controls.

If Latter-day Saint families are to achieve their maximum potential in family living, they must grow together—not apart. "And the spirit and the body are the soul of man" (D & C 88:15). If we are to progress and grow as "whole" individuals, we must educate the spirit along with the mind. If we can possess good mental and physical health, much stress and strain can be eliminated from the family circle. The total training of mind, body, spirit, and personality represents a full-time assignment for family members. If we can strike the right balance of work and play, the practical and the artistic, the spiritual and the temporal, the intellectual and the physical, our efforts will pay rich dividends in family living. Conscious planning and pursuit are required; the non-essential must be weeded out. But if the spirit of the Lord directs our efforts, the whole program can be a joyous one. How well we succeed may never be entirely evident, but a frequent re-evaluation will help us know our progress in some measure. The social science lessons for this concluding year on the "Latter-day Saint Family" will attempt to help point the way and suggest a check sheet for evaluation.

The lesson titles and objectives for 1958-59 follow:

Lesson 15—*The Family Ties*

Objective: To obtain an awareness of family ties and to know of their strength in meeting family problems.

Lesson 16—*"The Law Also Maketh You Free"*

Objective: To show the relationship between law and the family.

Lesson 17—*Weighed in the Balances*

Objective: To learn of the factors which influence deviate behavior, and how they may be used advantageously in the prevention and treatment of juvenile delinquency.

Lesson 18—*The Restraining Hand*

Objective: To learn the role of discipline as an influence in our lives.

Lesson 19—*"We Seek After These Things"*

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Objective: To illustrate the importance of wholesome educational influence in the home.

Lesson 20—"A *Principle With Promise*"

Objective: To illustrate the importance of health and recreation in finding "a fulness of joy."

Lesson 21—*How Do I Rate?*

Objective: To provide an inventory for self-evaluation in family living.

Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year there is only one author who has not previously been represented among the authors of the lessons and introduced to Relief Society members and readers of the *Magazine*. A biographical sketch of Mrs. Vesta Wright Barnett, author of the work meeting discussions, follows.

VESTA Wright Barnett, author of the discussions recommended for work meeting, "Managing a Home," was born in Lincoln, Idaho, the sixth child in a family of eight, born to Moses J. and Sarah Stanger Wright. Her father died when she was twelve, and she went to Salt Lake and lived with her sister and brother-in-law, the Ebenezer J. Kirkhams, to attend the L.D.S. High School. She attended Ricks College for two years and then the Brigham Young University from which she received the B.S. and M. Ed. degrees. She also did graduate work in home economics at the University of California in Los Angeles. She taught in Iona and Lincoln, Idaho, and Nephi,

Utah. In 1935 she went to Wyoming as a home demonstration agent for the Extension Service of the University of Wyoming, serving in Lincoln and Uinta counties.

Sister Barnett is the wife of Owen L. Barnett, professor of Educational Administration at the Brigham Young University. He had four children at the time of their marriage: Wilmer L., Maurice, Mauriel Williams, and Arlene Riley. The youngest daughter, Arlene, was eight years old at the time of their marriage. They have had two daughters, Barbara fifteen, and May twelve, students at Brigham Young High School.

At the present time Sister Barnett is chairman of the Department of Economics and Management in the College of Family Living at the B.Y.U. She teaches classes in Home Management and Family Finance.

Always active in the Church, she has worked in all the auxiliary organizations. She served as president of the Palmyra Stake Primary for many years, and has served in the Stake Y.W.M.I.A. presidency in Palmyra and Utah Stakes, and on the Relief Society Stake Board in the Palmyra Stake. She has taught classes in Primary, Sunday School, M.I.A., and Relief Society. At the present time she is president of the University Ward Y.W.M.I.A. in Utah Stake.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see:

Elder Roy W. Doxey, author of the theology lessons, *The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1957, page 410.

Christine H. Robinson, author of the visiting teacher messages, June 1957, page 412.

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Elder Briant S. Jacobs, author of the literature lessons, July 1949, page 471.

Elder John Farr Larson, author of the social science lessons, June 1956, page 412.

Vandal

Dorothy J. Roberts

Once I watched the hands of a child
Destroy a rose; bruise the petaled
Form, being unlearned in pain
And its dark finale, death.
Oh, uncompassionate one
Who wounds by turning away,
A tenderer than a flower's heart,
With as frail a gesture, but more
Cruel than those vandal fingers,
Wanting their innocence.

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Love Is Enough

Eunice J. Miles

Our love had need of words when young,
For that was when its songs were sung.
But now we have matured together,
And autumn gold illumes the weather.
When our hearts beat in tender mood,
Even lyrics may intrude.
A poem frail as aspen leaf,
Singing happiness and grief,
Is fitting for the young to sing.
We have small need of anything!

Sunday Dinner an Institution in Our Home

Mabel Law Atkinson

I have always been an advocate of a lovely and special Sunday dinner. Lest I be misunderstood, let me hasten to add: a dinner mostly prepared on Saturday and not prepared on Sunday morning by the mother of the family.

In the home in which I was privileged to be born and reared, along with nine others, the Sabbath was recognized as a holy day, a very special day, and a very special dinner, as the noon meal was called in the country, was reverently and gratefully and joyously enjoyed. In fact, Sunday dinner was an institution in our home, an institution which contributed to Sabbath worship and welded us together as a family unit.

I recall that those Sunday dinners meant so much to us that when one or more of our number accepted an invitation to eat at the home of a friend, it was done with a feeling of regret that we must forego the pleasure of being with our own family, dressed up and dignified, yet joyously free, enjoying a dinner that simply could not be duplicated, a warm, appetizing dinner, for Mama said we needed a good meal before we went quietly and happily back to sacrament meeting at two o'clock, and that Papa needed such nourishment also to bear up under his stern responsibilities.

Never will any of us forget that meal of roast chicken and dressing, or chicken fried or stewed, or roast beef and brown gravy, with dried corn with cream sauce, mashed potatoes (creamed with separator cream), vegetables mostly of our own raising, fresh and cooked, pickles—Mama had made, home-canned or home-pickled fresh fruit, homemade bread and home-churned butter (molded with a sheaf of grain on top of each half pound), and always, always an extra special cake. Even now I can see Mama's masterpiece, three-layer yellow cake with boiled cream, vanilla-flavored filling, and sliced bananas in between the layers and on top. No wonder childhood friends loved to eat Sunday dinner with us.

Sunday morning was orderly, with all of us preparing for Sunday School. Each knew his task, for our home functioned as a small democracy. Dinner would be left on the back of the stove or in the oven or warming oven of the old black Home Comfort wood-and-coal-burning range during Sunday Schol. No one was left at home to do the finishing touches, for 10 A.M. found Papa and Mama, with all of us children, clean and shining, in our places in Sunday School, unless illness prevented.

A little after twelve noon found us on our way home, where each had his part to do to get dinner on, some just tending the little ones, putting on bibs, and placing the chairs at the table, while others mashed the potatoes and did the few last touches necessary to the perfection of the meal. There was no dallying, nor did we feel rushed.

Dinner was served family style and leisurely enjoyed with Mama a queen in her own right. I remember at those dinners it seemed we were in the presence of royalty. And who shall say we were not? We were privileged to have many wonderfully fine and *chosen* people in our home. Papa was superintendent of the Sunday School and a counselor in the bishopric for twenty-five years and held other offices, as well, and Mama was president of the Relief Society, and stake visitors to the different organizations and to ward conferences, ate dinner at our home, (it was near the church) and sometimes stayed overnight, for in those days they drove several miles with the horse and buggy. Always they left their blessing *in our home*. I remember more than once when member of the stake presidency and others in their talks in sacrament meeting told of what a wonderful housekeeper, mother, and cook Mama was; of the exceptionally good *warm* dinner they had enjoyed with no one staying home to prepare it.

Time cannot dim, but rather enhances my memory of the joy of the Sabbath in my childhood home. Often now as my own family, which has decreased to three, sits down to Sunday dinner, I see again a long, simply, yet beautifully set, bountifully laden table with twelve of us around it, our heads reverently bowed while the blessing is being said. I see Mama smiling, as her eyes, glowing with pride, happiness, and contentment, go from face to shining face, and I hear Papa say, his voice vibrant with gratitude, "Children are an heritage of the Lord. Blessed is he who hath his quiver full of them."

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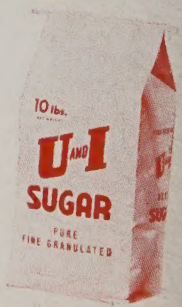

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